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MAY USE ELECTRIC CHAIR AT DEATH HOUSE FOR FIRST TIME IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

Applying Finishing Touches to Building.

HOW CHAIR IS TESTED

Descriptive Story of Pennsylvania's New System of Inflicting Capital Punishment at Penitentiary Nearby Bellefonte.

Pennsylvania's death house wherein capital punishment will be by electrocution at the new penitentiary will be completed by Saturday night of the present week. The finishing touches to the building are now being given. The death chair are in place. It has been tested and proved ready for use. Four or five weeks more and the first execution under the new system will likely take place. A number of condemned murderers some say there is a dozen, some say twice that many—will soon be brought to Centre County to meet their fate as decreed by law. There is a possible chance that the first electrocution may be deferred until the early months of 1915—but it is a slight chance at best. Governor Tener may pass along unsigned death warrants now on his desk to the incoming Governor. Were he to do so it would not be surprising, for many of his predecessors have gladly seized that pretixt to relieve themselves of a distressing official duty. If Governor Tener decides not to thrust this unpleasant duty upon Dr. Brumbaugh, then there will be possibly several electrocutions at the new penitentiary in the next few months. The Governor alone is empowered to sign a death warrant and fix the time for electrocution The formal announcements of all executions will come from Harrisburg.

Everybody has known that a death house was under construction at the new penitentiary. One has heard the term "death house" spoken so often that one naturally has lost that shudder which came with the first mention of the building into which a certain class of men will enter but not to pass out alive. To stroll through the death house brings one quickly into a full realization of its true meaning. If one could imagine the building as a building only one might well enthuse over a magnificent piece of work. It is a two-story structure, 200x60 feet, built entirely of concrete, reinforced with tool proof steel bars. No chance there for a prisoner to escape. The floors are solid concrete, the walls are solid concrete, the ceilings are solid concrete. Endeavor to pierce this concrete, at any point in floors, walls or ceilings, and your steel knife or steel drill comes to a sudden halt. It is plumb against a heavy bar of tool proof steel. These bars are so placed that not a single inch of space has been overlooked. The doomed man who enters the death house can escape only if his path to freedom is paved for him through unlocked doors.

As one approaches the death house the general appearance of the building is most pleasing. One marvels at the possibilities of concrete in modern architecture. The completeness of every detail holds one's attention as he realizes how the best and most modern improvements of the world's greatest prisons have been embodied in this long, narrow structure. Were this all, could one see everything and avoid the constant thought of the purpose of the building, it would be a much different, a much happier story.

Let us travel through the death house as the writer did last Saturday, guided by Warden John Francies and James Herron, chief engineer and assistant superintendent of construction of the new penitentiary buildings. The creative brain of Mr. Francies evolved the great prison scheme which in years to come will revelutionize prison management in not only this but other states. The constructive brain of Mr. Herron is welding the ideas of Mr. Francies into reality. The work has been begun. It may be completed fifty years hence—certainly not in the life-time of the man who first conceived the idea of helping men who have erred by according to them kindness, an opportunity to work in the open air and sunshine, the privilege to learn useful trades.

When the Governor has signed a death warrant directing that a condemned murderer shall be electrocuted here in Centre County, word to that effect will be telegraphed to Warden Francies. The latter will thereupon communicate with the Sheriff of the county in which the murderer has been tried, convicted and sentenced. Under the old system the Governor fixed the exact date for a hanging. Under the new system he will designate a particular week, no more. This information the Warden will convey to the Sheriff and a day or two ahead of the week in question the Sheriff will deliver the murderer to the Warden at the death house, be given a receipt and return home.

The prisoner enters the death house through a wide doorway and is conducted into a ground floor room to the left. This is the quarters of the Deputy Warden. Here is entered a complete record of the man, his name, address, age, place of birth, description, etc. This formality completed and a guard touches the prisoner on the arm. It is a signal to the prisoner to accompany the guard to a cell. The prisoner passes up a short flight of concrete steps, and once he does it is never to walk down that same stairway unless the death warrant is withdrawn and the sentence changed to one of life imprisonment or perhaps pardon and freedom.

At the head of the stairway the prisoner turns to his left and finds himself facing thick steel bars running from floor to ceiling. Beyond the bars are seven cells, six for condemned prisoners. These are in a row and extend along the full length of the room. There are seven cells in the row, but six only will be occupied by prisoners. The first cell is immediately to the left inside the steel bars dividing off the room from the hallway. Into this room the prisoner passes. There he is stripped of every vestige of clothing. He then passes into the cell immediately adjoining—there to remain until the final summons to the death chamber. In this cell he is given underwear, a shirt, a suit of prison clothing. His cell is 8x11 feet. The side and rear walls and ceiling are concrete reinforced with steel. There are no windows to the cell. The entire front is of steel bars, only. In such a cell there is no privacy. Every movement of the inmate is exposed to guards stationed just outside the cell door. A single iron cot on which is a thick, hard mattress constitutes the only piece of furniture in the cell. There is a toilet, also a wash basin, both with running water. A press button flushes the toilet, another push button opens the faucet supplying the wash basin. Both supplies work automatically, so much water can pass through and no more. If the prisoner desire to wash his hands and face, a guard furnishes him with towel and soap, waits until he is through and then carries these articles away.

Solitude—deep, penetrating, ever-present solitary confinement—marks the last days the unhappy prisoner may live. He may be visited by members of his immediate family, by his counsel or a preacher or priest, but no others may be admitted to see him unless they come fortified with an order from the judge of the county in which the prisoner was convicted. In a word, when the prisoner enters the death house he not only enters never to pass out alive but he virtually bids farewell to the outside world for even the few days remaining until there comes the nod from a guard announcing the procession to the electric chair.

When all is in readiness the prisoner, with arms securely bound, is marched out of his cell, turns to the right, through the partition of steel bars and across the hallway at the top of the stairway. A door opens and he finds himself in another rather large room. A quick glance to the right from the door and there the prisoner finds confronting him—the death chair. It is the only piece of furniture within the room. It is an innocent looking chair of wood, not wholly unlike the usual Morris chair minus seat and back cushions. Everything about it is extremely plain. The arm rests are pieces of straight, flat wood, about three inches in width. The first suggestion of the true meaning of what would otherwise be an ordinary wood chair is the presence of heavy leather straps fastened at fixed points. At the front bottom of the chair is a cross bar, with two semi-circular niches, into which the prisoner's ankles are to fit and be held by straps 1½ inches wide. At the arm rests of the chair are other straps of a like width. Across the middle of the back is another heavy strap, while at the top of the back are still other straps. The prisoner's feet, arms, body and head are thus securely strapped to the chair. Over his face is placed a leather mask with but one opening and that large enough only to permit him to breathe. This serves a two-fold purpose. It conceals distortions of the face and also prevents the eyeballs from leaping from their sockets when the powerful electric current is applied.

When the prisoner goes to the chair he wears trousers slit up each leg to the knee. This is to facilitate the clamping of death-carrying plates to his legs. His

(continued on fourth page.)

HUNTERS THRONG WOODS SOME DEER ARE KILLED

First Buck Shot by R. R. Trackman at Coburn.

MISS TRACKING SNOW

Big Game Reported Rather Plentiful—Some Camps are Located Many Miles From Nearest Stations—Season Opened on Tuesday.

Reports from a few of the hunting camps scattered over the mountains are to the effect that a number of deer were killed on Tuesday, the opening day of the season. Some camps are located so far from points of communication that no word has been received.

Apparently the greatest number of deer killed so far as heard from have been by hunters in the mountains near-by Coburn. Upward of eight bucks are said to be hanging in camps in that section. The first buck to be shipped into Bellefonte was on Wednesday morning. It was billed to Altoona from Coburn. A railroad trackman knocked off work for a short time on Tuesday afternoon and landed a fine buck a short distance from the Montandon branch tracks, below Coburn.

The Chambers-Uzzle party are camped beyond Snow Shoe, but no word as to results has been received. Harvey Harm killed a nice buck along the Beech Creek railroad, near Snow Shoe, Wednesday. W. C. Snyder, superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., bagged five pheasants on Tuesday.

The Panther Hunting Club, from Bellefonte, have a splendid buck hanging in their camp along Bear Creek.

While the Snow Shoe passenger train was shifting at the switchback on Monday passengers looked up into the mountain just in time to observe a large bear peering down from a huge rock. Martin Reese, conductor on the train, said that his son and another man were shooting birds on Monday when they came across a magnificent buck standing in the waters of Beech Creek, near Snow Shoe. Having nothing but bird shells they had to let it pass without taking a shot. The buck had no doubt been chased by another party.

BIG DAY FOR P. O. S. Of A.

Dedication of Two Steel Flagstaffs at State College Tomorrow.

Tomorrow, November 13th, will be a big day at State College for the Patriotic Order Sons of America. The occasion will be the dedication of two steel flagstaffs on the front campus of the college grounds, with national and state officers of the organization participateing in the elaborate ceremonies.

The steel flagstaffs are enclosed in ten feet of concrete and rise 100 feet above ground. From each staff there will be unfurled the state and national flags. There will be a review of the college cadet corps at 1.20 o'clock, with Governor Tener and possibly Governor-elect Brumbaugh in attendance. Special trains will be run over the Pennsylvania Railroad to accommodate visitors from Pittsburgh and other points along the main line.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Nannie Watson, Unionville; Mrs. Mary Blauser, Spring Mills; Mrs. Verna Tobias, Snow Shoe; Mrs. Ellie Stine, Scotia; Daniel Schlottman, Pleasant Gap.

Operations—Miss Edith Schaeffer, State College; Miss Violet Irvin, Pleasant Gap; Miss Sue Walizer, Julian; Miss Anna Kuhn, Centre Hall; Williard Lutz, Axe Mann.

Discharged—Miss Mary Ammerman, Bellefonte.

Purchased T. R. Hayes Property.

At the public sale conducted on Monday by Dr. Emery Marvel, of Atlantic City, the residence which he recently purchased from Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, on North Allegheny Street, was sold to Dr. R. G. H. Hayes, of Bellefonte, for $10,000. Dr. Hayes and family are at present occupying apartments at the Bush House and may not move into their new home for several months.

Good Name Sermon.

Rev. W. M. B. Glanding in the Lutheran church next Sunday evening will deliver the second sermon in the "Good Name Series", with the topic, "The Christian Element of a Good Name." The subject of the morning sermon is, "Where are Your Boys and Girls in the Evening?" You are welcome.

DR. BRUMBAUGH UNABLE TO ATTEND PENNA. DAY

Governor-Elect Sends Regrets to President Sparks.

GOV. TENER THERE

With Mrs. Tener Will be Guest of Dr. and Mrs. Sparks—Penn State—Michigan Aggies Football Game Will be Feature of Afternoon.

Latest advices from Governor-elect Brumbaugh are that he will not be in attendance at the Pennsylvania Day exercises at Penn State College tomorrow. A letter from Dr. Brumaugh expressing regret at his inability to be present has been received by President Sparks. Dr. Brumbaugh was the recipient of a remarkable home demonstration at Huntingdon on Tuesday night. On that occasion he delivered a brief impromptu address. He will make no speeches prior to his inauguration at Harrisburg on January 19th. Tomorrow, with his aged father who is in feeble health, the Governor-elect will go to Florida for several weeks of complete rest.

Governor and Mrs. Tener will visit State College for Pennsylvania Day and will be guests of President and Mrs. Sparks. There will be other distinguished visitors. Tonight there will be various social functions at fraternity houses to which all visitors are invited.

Tomorrow afternoon the big feature will be a football game between Penn State and the Michigan Agricultural College elevens. Quite a number of automobile parties have been planned.

TRIAL LIST

Cases Scheduled for Consideration at December Term of Court.

The following cases have been listed for trial at the December term of court, which convenes on Monday, December 7th:

FIRST WEEK

Mrs. Effie Taylor and John Taylor vs. Bubb & Son.; appeal.

National Engraving Co. vs. T. R. Hamilton; appeal.

R. T. Comly vs. Centre Lumber Co. appeal.

Frederick Dale vs. W. J. Davis; appeal.

Alfred C. Grove vs. John D. Reish; appeal.

Lens Pardo vs. Executors Israel Kauffman, deceased; appeal.

SECOND WEEK

Trustees succeeding John P. Harris as trustee of William A. Thomas, deceased, vs. Administrators of J. C. Meyer, deceased, who was Co-obligor with Ellis L. Orvis and Charles H. Foster; assumpsit.

Bellefonte Trust Co. vs. Administrators of J. C. Meyer, deceased, who was Co-obligor with Ellis L. Orvis and Charles H. Foster; assumpsit.

Hannah Cowher vs. William G. Frantz; ejectment.

Mrs. Camilla B. Beightol vs. Lehigh Valley Coal Co.; trespass.

Keeler Motor Car Co. vs. John Sebring Jr.; assumpsit.

Huston Township School District vs. Pennsylvania Railroad Co.; trespass.

John W. Biddle vs. Huyett & McNitt; assumpsit.

Peter Mendis vs. A. E. Schad; assumpsit.

Samantha J. Gates vs. George N. Hoy; assumpsit.

Susan McClintock vs. George N. Hoy; assumpsit.

DuBois Garage vs. W. W. Keichline & Co.; assumpsit.

Bellefonte Poor District vs. Louisa G. Harper, guardian of Maud S. Harper; assumpsit.

John I. Thompson and Margaret J. Thompson vs. W. Calvin Meyer; assumpsit.

George E. Campbell vs. Pennsylvania Railroad Co.; assumpsit.

William Whitmer & Sons Co. vs. William Showers; trespass.

Charles Kelley vs. A. E. Schad; assumpsit.

W. H. Sheets vs. M. M. Shawver and Isaac A Shawver; trespass.

Bankrupt Held for Court.

C. P. Munch, of DuBois, was last week served with a process from the United States court, at Pittsburgh, requiring him to appear before that court and explain regarding alleged assets of the Munch Coal Company not in the hands of the trustees. Munch gave bond for his appearance.

PALMER'S DEMOCRATIC VOTE IN COUNTY 471 BELOW THAT POLLED BY McCORMICK

Official Count Reveals How New Boss Was Knifed.

PENROSE WAS HIGH MAN

Senator Swept County With 505 Plurality—Scott Elected to Assembly by 450—Rowland's Plurality 736—Dr. Miller Had 357.

The official count of the vote in Centre County for the November 3d election revealed no material changes from the figures of the unofficial returns. Senator Penrose had a plurality of 505 over Palmer and 1612 over Pinchot. He had the largest plurality of any candidate in the county. Of the 3191 votes cast for him all but 14 were in the Republican column.

For Governor McCormick led Dr. Brumbaugh in the county by 241. McCormick polled in the county 471 more Democratic votes than were cast for Palmer, showing how the latter was cut by his own party. McCormick's total vote was 3810. Of this number 3157 were Democratic and 653 Washington Party. McCormick's Washington Party vote fell 463 behind that for Pinchot, the latter polling 1116 in the Washington column, 323 in the Bull Moose and 140 in the Roosevelt Progressive. Apparently there were some Roosevelt voters in the county who were not in sympathy with the substitution of McCormick for Lewis on the Washington ticket, for Lewis received 51 votes in the Roosevelt Progressive column and Judge Brumm got 13 in the Bull Moose column. Stevenson, Prohibition candidate for Governor, got 80 votes in Centre County.

Despite the questionable character of the fight waged against Frank B. McClain for Lieutenant Governor, he carried Centre County with a plurality of 96 over "Farmer" Creasy. Henry Houck, for Secretary of Internal Affairs, carried the county with a plurality of 399. For Supreme Court Kunkel led Frazer in the county by 1958, while for Superior Court Trexler was 1322 ahead of Clark.

Rowland carried Centre County for Congress with a plurality of 736 over Tobias. For State Senator Dr. Miller won in the county over Patterson by 357. Scott, for Assembly, led David W. Miller in the county by exactly 450. The official vote in the county follows:

SUPREME COURT	
Frazer	1419
Kunkel	3377
SUPERIOR COURT	
Clark	1686
Trexler	3008
U. S. SENATOR	
Palmer, D.	2686
Pinchot, W., B. M., R. P	1579
Penrose, R., P. L.	3191
Whiteside, S.	125
Larkin, P.	95
Landis, Indust.	0
GOVERNOR	
McCormick, D., W.	3810
Brumbaugh, R., P. L., K.	3569
Allen, S.	141
Brumm, B. M.	13
Lewis, R. P.	51
Stevenson, P.	80
Harrison, Indust.	0
LIEUT. GOVERNOR	
Creasy, D., K	3208
Smith, W., B. M., R. P,	804
McClain, R., P. L.	3304
Shollar, S.	148
Whalen, P.	108
Anton, Indust.	2
SECY. INT. AFFAIRS	
McNair, D.	3019
Lewis, W., B. M., R. P.	761
Houck, R., P. L., K.	3418
Ringler, S.	150
Smith, P.	132
Thomas, Indust.	0
CONGRESS-AT-LARGE	
Bright, D.	2864
Caton, D.	2779
Clark, D.	2848
Crosby, D.	2787
Mitchell, W., B. M., R. P.	993
Rupley, W., B. M., R. P.	944
Walters, W., B. M., R. P.	917
Watson, W., B. M., R. P.	902
Crago, R., P. L.	3303
Garland, R., P. L.	3265
Lafean, R., P. L.	3242
Scott, R., P. L.	3286
Coughlin, S.	132
Haydon, S.	146
King, S.	137
Sehl, S.	138
Hart, P.	141
Patton, P.	153
Pike, P.	122
Smith, P.	124

CONGRESS, 21st. DIST.	
Tobias, D.	2953
Mayo, W.	573
Rowland, R.	3689
McLaren, P.	172
Rittenhouse, S.	171
STATE SENATOR	
Patterson, D.	3010
Moulthrop, W., P.	938
Miller, R.	3367
Johnson, S.	153
ASSEMBLY	
Miller, D.	3625
Ashman, W.	824
Scott, R.	3475
Wilkinson, S.	152

ROWLAND'S PLURALITY 1064

Dr. Miller Elected State Senator by 579 Plurality in District.

The official count of the vote in the Thirty fourth Senatorial and Twenty first Congressional districts was computed at Clearfield on Tuesday. Harry E. Fenlon and W. Harrison Walker were appointed by Judge Orvis to represent Centre County in computing the vote.

For Congrers Charles H. Rowland was elected by a plurality of 1064 out of a total vote in the district of 26,571. He lost Clearfield County to Tobias by 489 and McKean to Mayo by 307, but carried Centre by 736 and Cameron by 440.

For State Senator Dr. Miller had pluralities in both Centre and Clearfield. He had 222 in Clearfield and 357 in Centre, making his plurality in the district 579 out of a total vote of 19,137. The vote as officially computed follows:

STATE SENATOR 34th. DISTRICT.

	Centre	Clearfield	Total
Patterson, D.	3010	3707	6717
Moulthrop, W. & P.	938	3137	4075
Miller, R.	3367	3929	7296
Johnson, S.	153	896	1049
Total vote, 19,137.			
Miller's plurality, 579			

CONGRESS, 21st, DISTRICT.

	Centre	Clfld	McKean	Cmrn	
Tobias, D.	2953	4691	1482	213	9339
Mayo, W.	573	1606	2106	220	4575
Rowland, R.	3689	4202	1859	653	10403
Rittenhouse, S.	171	840	283	10	1304
McLarren, P.	172	438	218	23	851
Total Vote, 26,571.					
Rowland's plurality, 1064.					

Held for Court.

Fred A. Luning, of Altoona, who while impersonating a priest, is charged with having fraudulently collected money in Lock Haven for Catholic institutions, was brought before Alderman John P. Anthony on Thursday afternoon. After hearing the evidence Luning was held for trial at court, says the Lock Haven "Democrat."

His young wife, who was arrested with Luning while they were dining in a Lock Haven restaurant, was released, as there was not sufficient evidence to hold her. Luning and this woman, who posed as man and wife before their arrest, were married in the Lock Haven jail by Alderman John P. Anthony. Although several persons offered to pay the woman's fare to her home, and her mother has repeatedly asked her to the family fireside, she steadfastly refused all and will remain in this city indefinitely. It is likely that Luning will be brought to trial at the January term of court.

Naturalization Court.

Ten applicants for naturalization will be heard at a session of naturalization court to be held next Tuesday before Judge Orvis. They are Joseph Rose, Italian, of Bellefonte, having W. G. Runkle and P. L. Beezer as witnesses. Frank Bethmann, Martin Skusa, John Glowatz, Gottlieb Sussek, Gustav Tulowitzki, all Germans; Stanislaw Jedynski and Michael Sewiski, Polish, all six of Cassanova, and having August Ratz and William Hollanbaugh as witnesses. Joseph Baranicz Pavic, Austrian, of Clarence, having David Chambers and James Uzzle as witnesses. Vaso Georgive, Austrian, having T. A. Shoemaker and Peter Saylor as witnesses.

Taken to Penitentiary.

Frank W. Harris, arrested last week in Lock Haven and charged with larceny, on Monday pleaded guilty before Judge Orvis and was sentenced to the western penitentiary for a term of not less than nine months or more than three years. Harris was taken to Pittsburgh on Tuesday by Sheriff Lee. The indictment to which Harris pleaded guilty charged him with stealing from John Mulfinger, at Pleasant Gap, a suit of clothes valued at $20, a silk shirt valued at $5, and a pair of ladies shoes valued at $3.50. The theft was committed on May 30th.

Election Results.

It is impossible to misinterpret the national significance of Tuesday's election results. Belief in the protective principle is widely reasserted. A protest has been registered against hard times and unsatisfactory conditions due in large part to Democratic legislation and incapacity. President WILSON and his policies are repudiated so sweepingly as immediately to raise the point whether it were not better for his fame that he should at once declare his adherence to that one term plank in the Baltimore platform. In the second half of his administration he will find himself stripped of a safe working majority in the House of Representatives. Election of a Republican President in 1916 not only become possible—whereas it had appeared to be hopeless—but it is a probability. Reference to the historic fact that presidents often have encountered party reverses if not clear defeat at the first general election after their induction, and that therefore there is no occasion for surprise or Democratic alarm at this time, does not cover the case. It misses the circumstance that when the mid-term election goes wrong the party in power usually loses the presidency at the end of the four-year period, and it also fails to take count of the range and size of this particular rebuke to an administration. In other words, the WILSON spell is broken. From now on neither the President's individuality nor the power of patronage can be relied upon to carry through radical acts, and the Democratic party will be compelled to fight for every advantage it undertakes to secure. Instead of being in position to override all opposition it will be on the defensive, and hard put to retain what it has.

We have been electing governors in Pennsylvania since 1790, or 124 years, and in that time only one man received a larger plurality than that given Dr. MARTIN G. BRUMAAUGH, the Republican nominee, on Tuesday. Gen. DANIEL H. HASTINGS, who was elected in 1894, holds the high mark, with a plurality of 241,307, and Judge PENNYPACKER, who was the candidate in 1902 comes next with a plurality of 142,350. The outcome as to Dr. BRUMBAUGH is evidence on one hand of a grand movement back into the Republican ranks as compared with two and four years ago, and on the other is testimony to the sterling qualities of the nominee and the high regard in which he is held. The vote he received is also to be construed as an indication that the people are not dissatisfied with Republican administration of their state affairs, that they have not lost faith in the Republican party and that they resent unprovoked assault and mere attack for attack's sake upon one who, like Dr. BRUMBAUGH, comes before them with a spotless record and an untarnished name. The returns suggest furthe that Pennsylvanians resent the proposition that the governorship shall either be sold to a money-bag or traded in by an unscrupulous boss.

The astonishing vote and plurality given to Senator PENROSE must be credited principally to two considerations. One of these, bringing to his support discerning men in every walk of life, was belief in the protective tariff principle, of which there is no stouter defender or more able exponent in the Senate than Mr. PENROSE. Another is the excellent service he has rendered the state at Washington, which has been of such a nature as to meet approval and compel admiration to the exclusion of minor considerations more or less inseparable from a long career in public life and political activity. People objected to the attempt of influences from outside the state to Mr. PENROSE for factional reasons, they looked upon the candidacy of a New York man for senator from Pennsylvania as an impertinence, and they could not stomach A. MITCHELL PALMER seeing that the tariff schedule he wrote for the UNDERWOOD bill had played havoc with the very life of our industrial prosperity and progress. If Mr. PENROSE lives out his fourth term he will have broken all records for length of senatorial service from Pennsylvania, as he has now broken the record in being elected four times consecutively for full terms in that body. His victory, moreover, is in despite of the direct challenge of President WILSON for the Democrats and Col. ROOSEVELT for the Progressives, and thus constitutes the most notable episode of the campaign. It is to be hoped that after this, and in view of the fact that Mr. PENROSE went straight to the people and made his fight, there will be less personal hostility to him and a juster estimate of his merits as a statesman.

Two general movements which have been making headway for several years met with varying fortune. Prohibition amendments were defeated in the more important states where they were an issue, like Ohio, California and Washington, but they apparently prevail in Arizona, Colorado and Oregon. It had been expected that the "drys" would make a more formidable showing in Ohio, but here the large cities were the determining factor in favor of the "wets." There was an impression that the outcome in Ohio would have a deterrent influence upon the national campaign for prohibition and that it marked a subsidence of the tidal wave which for a year or two has been threatening largely to increase the "dry" territory, but just the same if the three states mentioned have adopted amendments 1914 cannot be said to have been a failure for the temperance forces. Meanwhile six states rejected woman suffrage and only one, Montana, where the vote is small, accepted it. That Nebraska and the Dakotas should have refused to ratify suffrage amendments is surprising, but not so with Ohio and Missouri, for it is in the more populous states that the extension of the franchise naturally faces the most stubborn resistance.

Connecticut New York and Ohio have been redeemed from Democratic domination and this is of profound importance in the national political situation. In each instance both the governorship and the senatorship were won by the Republicans, and it is not disputed that discontent with the WILSON administration and dissatisfaction in the business community were powerful influences operating on the public mind. Local issues and state controversies are not sufficient to account for the landslide away from the Democratic column. Ohio especially has had a long experience with Democratic state government, but it has broken loose at last and by coupling WILLIS' triumph with the elevation of HARDING to the Senate it has opened the path to revived Republican hopes elsewhere.

The indifferent showing made by the Progressives on Tuesday sounds the death knell of that party save as it may be used in close districts or states to encompass Republican defeat. They failed in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Kansas Indiana, Illinois and other commonwealths, in some of them being a negligible quantity. They have vanished from the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress and will be but a handful in the House; and Col. ROOSEVELT has no more chance of making the presidency in 1916 than he has of sprouting wings. Wherever he devoted special effort to giving a demonstration of his sway of the populace, Armageddon made but a sorry stand, and T. R. is today discredited as a party leader and in poor repute as a sage. The glory and prestige of a lifetime full of high honors of world-wide distinction have been sacrified on the altar of ego and vanity—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

FACT

Local Evidence.

Evidence that can be verified.
Fact is what we want.
Opinion is not enough.
Opinions differ.
Here's a Bellefonte fact.
You can test it.

Mrs. J. C. Johnson, 365 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, says: "I was a great sufferer from backache and pains across my loins and I could hardly get about the house. Dizzy spells came over me and I nearly fell. I was restless at night and my kidneys caused me a lot of annoyance. My husband had used Doan's Kidney Pills and advised me to try them. I took two boxes, which I got at Green's Pharmacy Co., and they did me more good than anything I had previously tried. The backache and pains disappeared and my kidneys became normal. I now feel better in every way. Doan's Kidney Pills certainly cured me and I can recommend them highly.

A PERMANENT CURE

On April 22, 1914, Mrs. Johnson said: "Time has proven that Doan's Kidney Pills are a reliable remedy. The cure they made for me some time ago has been permanent. I have been asked time and time again by friends who have seen my endorsement in the papers about this remedy and in every case, I have advised its use. I am indeed, happy to confirm my former statement."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Johnson had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

William Martin, et ux, to William Keller, tract in Spring Twp, $25.

Susan Keller to James Franklin Crust, two tracts in Spring Twp, $1,250.

Rosalie M. Brown, et al, to A. P. Woodring, tract in Rush Twp, $1,200.

Henry J. Kohlbecker to Stella Kohlbecker, et al, tract in Boggs Twp, $1.

John G. Uzzell's Admrs. to Thomas B. Budinger, tract in Snow Shoe Boro, $1,000.

Monroe Armour, et al, to Thomas Henson, tract in Bellefonte Boro, $200

Laura H. Hoover, et al, to M. G. Brown, tract in Gregg Twp, $1.

Edward Schumacher, et ux, to Riley Realty & Const. Co., tract in Howard Twp, $1.

Martha A. Barnes, et bar, to John C. Croyle, et al, tract in Philipsburg Boro, $1,500.

John C. Croyle, et al, to Poor District Philipsburg Boro., tract in Philipsburg Boro, $1,500.

Philip W. Young, et ux, to Belva L. Crain, two tracts in Worth Twp, $1,050.

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A HEART

And a Little Mistake

By GEORGE VAN SCHAICK

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Being unmarried, Professor Dr. Privy Counselor Taubenfeder of the University of Hochwald was compelled to make his way alone to the gasthaus of the Golden Eagle, where he invariably limited himself to one half liter of the creamy amber beer which, next to the university, was the greatest institution of the town. Once there, however, he did not lack for company, being surrounded not only by other citizens listening to soothing music, but also by a host of the students, who, having been attracted to Hochwald chiefly by the professor's fame, deemed themselves honored by his permission to sit near and hearken respectfully to the words of his wisdom.

It is well known that in all that concerns maladies of the heart no one in the world has worthily gained so great a reputation as Professor Dr. Taubenfeder.

He went home one evening at the usual hour and was received at the door by Mina, his old housekeeper, who took his overcoat and hat and bade him good night. Then he made his way to his room, which opened upon his laboratory and his wonderful private collection. Sitting in his favorite armchair near a table covered with glass jars containing specimens, he bethought himself that sauerkraut was possibly becoming slightly difficult of digestion for his elderly stomach.

Picking up a pamphlet noteworthy by virtue of some rather startling and novel theories, he became much interested, and his keen and critical intellect at once suggested certain controverting facts. The booklet fell upon his lap the while he meditated with closed eyes.

Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a light touch on the arm. Looking up in some bewilderment, he found that a young lady had slipped into the room—surely an unheard of intrusion—and was standing beside his chair. He gazed at her in no little astonishment. It seemed to his rather inexperienced eyes that her dainty raiment was not of modern fashion and that the dressing of her hair was of the style of years and years ago.

"My dear Fritzel," she began brightly, "I hope that you are very well."

He could only stammer in assent.

"I am very glad," she pursued. "I knew you would be pleased to see your little second cousin. I see that you are still occupied with your old pursuits. Dear me, how wise and learned you ever were, dear Fritzel! How wonderful that one man should be able to accumulate so much knowledge! It makes me dreadfully insignificant."

Courteously he raised one hand in mute protest, but she continued:

"You know all that can be learned about hearts, with perhaps a tiny exception. No human being is wholly exempt from error, and even you made a little mistake once, it seems to me."

"A mistake?" cried the professor.

"Just a little one, dear Fritzel. I may be able to show you."

She passed into the laboratory, in which were many big shelves covered with glass jars. The light hardly penetrated the room, yet she went unerringly to a corner and put her hand up quite high, rising on her toes. Then she returned with a wide necked receptacle in which hung a specimen.

"There it is!" she cried. "I knew where it was!"

The professor took the jar from her.

"No. 371," he said. "It is the heart of Lotta, my little cousin."

"Yes," she assented; "it is my heart and must have been quite interesting. It must have passed under the eyes of many eager students, and perhaps it has taught them just a little."

"But there was no mistake here," stated the professor.

"We will call it your inability to see everything," said the young woman soothingly. "There always must be some little thing that escapes us in this world or we should no longer be mere men and women. I was a little younger than you, though we often played together, and I was very unhappy when you went away to study and become a great man. When you returned during the holidays that always seemed so dreadfully short the child admired you, and you were always very kind to her. At the expectation of your homecoming her heart would beat a great deal faster. As the seasons passed into years that admiration and those heartbeats changed into something that was a longing, a wonderful desire, yet you began to come more seldom, and the time you could spare to me grew less. Your thoughts traveled beyond me, from the world at your feet to greater worlds you meant to conquer. You seemed to me to be growing greater and greater and always going further away; yet as the distance between us increased the longing became keener until it became a pain that clutched that little heart and hurt it so deeply that at night I had to weep with the pangs it brought me. I was a big girl then. Indeed, I had become a woman."

"Poor little Lottchen!" said the old professor, taking one of her soft hands within his wrinkled ones.

"Then my mother called in the old family doctor, and he listened long and shook his head.

"'Dr. Taubenfeder, the young lady's cousin,' he said, 'is the man who should be consulted about her case. He is now probably the greatest expert in the country for troubles of the heart and is the one best able to cure her.'

"Therefore we came to see you, and you also listened long to that heart and asked many questions and wrote learned things on bits of paper, but when I sought to read them I could not understand. You did not write the few words that might have healed my heart, and you surely never thought to say them; hence I knew when we were coming home that I should not be cured."

The professor by this time had bent down until his sharp elbows rested upon his knees and his face was in the hollow of his hand.

"Once I heard you saying to my mother that I did not respond to treatment. That was the little mistake, Fritzel, dear, for indeed I would have responded to a kiss from your dear lips. How wonderfully the pressure of your arms might have stilled the unruly throbbing of that heart! Sometimes in the morning you were surprised to find me looking ever so much better. Do you know the reason, Fritzel? It was because during the long, long nights I dreamed that you had come to me and whispered low, sweet things more potent than drugs."

"Poor little Lotta! Poor little girl!" cried the professor.

"Truly, dearest, I loved you until the end and always understood. Mine was only one among the myriad hearts that were throbbing all the world over for things that could not be. Yours was that of a great man upon whose lips the world hung in order to listen to marvelous wisdom and from whose pen flowed a stream that meant hope and joy and life renewed for suffering mankind. I was like a humble worshiper of a great sun, which burned and seared me ere I could reach it. Your strength was too great for the child at your feet, your thoughts too lofty, and it was this that left a loophole for the little mistake. You could not see that the unruly heart throbbed on your account; that every fiber of it was entwined about you. How could you have known it?"

The professor could not answer. He was listening, haggardly, to things into which his philosophy had never delved. Within his breast were waking regrets and longings from which he had always thought himself immune.

"Fritzel, dear," she continued—and from her lips his boyhood's name sounded wondrously sweet—"you must not grieve over that little mistake, for I have very long been reconciled to it. Sometimes I was pleased to think that you were not able to see. You were always so good and kind to me that perhaps if your vision had been clearer you might have been drawn away from your great work. Your affection for the child companion of your boyhood days might have changed into a great compassion, and that might have led you to offer me the great and only remedy—a place within your heart. And then I should have clung to you, as the ivy around the oak, and perhaps I should have hindered your full development. Since my head is only as high as your breast, you would have been compelled to look at lower levels and to give to love some of the passion you have bestowed upon research. The quiet of your workroom might even have been disturbed by the music of baby notes, by the cries of a little thing that would have been flesh of your flesh, and would also have claimed its share of your love and minutes out of your busy hours. Doubtless everything happened for the best, since my heart was only one of a series, as you said, while your personality was that of one too great to notice such little things."

"It was that of a blind person!" cried the old professor, with one hand hard pressed upon his breast. "It was that of one who could not see that a love like yours is the very best and greatest reward a man can strive for."

"Oh, Fritzel, dearest!" she exclaimed, like a mother seeking to console a hurt child. "I fear now that your goodness is leading you away and bringing to you emotions that do not befit a learned professor. Just see how much I have disturbed you in these few moments! I should indeed have been a great hindrance to you. I am glad that you never saw, that you were never compelled, to be the slave of two loves, between which you might have fallen to the level of other men. I will go now, dear Fritzel, and I implore you to have no regrets. You have been seeing me with the eyes of forty years ago and looking at my heavy tresses and big, young eyes. But in truth you ought to see me as the old woman I should now be, with the tresses fallen, the eyes no longer deep and longing and nothing left of youth but my love for you. Goodby, Fritzel, and bear always with you the memory of my gratitude for your kindness and gentleness to me in the old days!"

"Must you—must you leave?" he cried despairingly.

"Yes, dear love, like the dreams of youth and the odor of flowers that have faded and the music of songs that have passed away. But I leave you my heart, the heart you have kept so many years."

"Dear heart!" cried the old man, sobbing.

The long remembered form melted away, and Professor Dr. Privy Counselor Taubenfeder awoke with streaming eyes. He was grasping No. 371, a specimen from the finest collection in Europe, in hands that trembled with the palsy of great emotions.

SAVINGS FUNDS GROW

Postal Depositories Report Increased Business During Foreign War.

The war in Europe is proving a big boon to postal savings in this country. From the very day hostilities opened across the seas postal-savings receipts began to increase by leaps and bounds and withdrawals fell off, a result quite contrary to the predictions of many well-informed persons who, in their imagination, saw lines of feverish depositors at post-office pay windows anxious to again return their savings to the foot-leg and body-belt depositories whence they came before intrusted to Uncle Sam. But the forecasters failed to reckon on the absolute confidence of the American citizens regardless of the flag that first met his eyes, in the ability and purpose of the Government to carry out its obligations, not only among the nations of the earth, but with the humblest citizen of our land.

Two important results have followed; thousands of people, largely of foreign birth, accustomed to send their savings abroad, are now patrons of our postal-savings system; and enormous sums of actual cash have been released for commercial uses among our own people at a time when the need for every available dollar is pressing.

The growth of postal savings in the United States has been steady and healthy and the system has filled an important gap between the tin-can depository and the factory paymaster. On July 1, when affairs were running smoothly here and abroad and the transmission of money across the Atlantic was safe and expeditious, there was approximately $43,000,000 of postal savings standing to the credit of about 388,000 depositors. Since then over $10,000,000 of deposits have been added and the number of depositors has increased enormously. This unprecedented gain is the more striking when it is considered that the net gain in the last three months is larger than the gain for the entire fiscal year 1914. Scores of offices have done more postal-savings business since the war has been going on than was done by them during the previous existence of the service. The increases are confined to no special localities, but have been felt in every nook and corner of the country. New York City alone made a gain in September of more than a million, while Brooklyn showed a relatively big increase. Chicago reported a larger gain in the past three months than for the previous twelve months. More than 7,000 new accounts were opened during the period, bringing the number of depositors in that city up to over 21,000.

The unexpected increase in postal-savings business has not only added greatly to the general administrative duties of the system, but has brought up many new and interesting problems which have called for the careful personal consideration of Postmaster General Burleson and Governor Dockery, Third Assistant Postmaster General. But their task has been lightened somewhat by the promptness of depository banks in furnishing additional security to meet the abnormal deposits. A number of the very largest banks in the country, which have heretofore declined to qualify as depositories for postal-savings funds, are now among the eager applicants for them.

Not only in the large cities and centers of population, is the increase in postal-savings business noticable but in the smaller offices throughout the country the same conditions are shown.

The Bellefonte post-office for example since the beginning of the European war, has largely profited in this particular, and in its deposits datingfrom August 1, 1914 to Oct. 31, 1914, has to record a phenomenal increase, both in number of depositors, and in amounts so invested.

In the latter case the gain in deposits in the months of August, September and October of this year so far, has almost equaled the entire business from April 1912 to August 1, 1914.

In these dark days, of doubt and uncertainty as to the future of his fatherland, the foreign citizen in our midst naturally turns to the honest, faithful and peace loving "Uncle Same" to guard his precious savings, confident of its safety and ready availability when needed.

H. C. VALENTINE, P. M.

CATTLE REGULATIONS

Livestock Board Adopts Drastic Measures to Check Hoof and Mouth Disease.

In line with the drastic measures adopted by federal authorities to prevent the spread of the dreaded hoof and mouth disease among cattle, swine, etc., the State Livestock Sanitary Board, at Harrisburg, last Saturday announced that the following regulations shall prevail until further notice:

FIRST: To prevent the spread of foot and mouth disease, and to aid in its eradiction, no cattle, sheep, goats, or swine shall be moved from or out of any one of the counties of—Allegheny, Delaware, Lancaster, Philadelphia, York, Chester, Montgomery, Franklin, Lebanon, and Bucks.

SECOND: No cattle, sheep, goats or swine shall be moved into any one of the counties of—Allegheny, Delaware, Lancaster, Philadelphia, York, Chester, Montgomery, Franklin, Lebanon and Bucks, except for immediate slaughter.

THIRD: It is forbidden to drive, transport or move cattle, sheep, goats or swine, over or upon public roads, highways, or railways in the counties aforesaid except upon specific permission in writing from an agent of the State Livestock Sanitary Board expressly authorized to issue such permits.

Permits for driving, transporting or moving cattle, sheep, goats, or swine over the public roads, highways or railways must be taken out in advance and must be held by the person in charge of and accompanying such animals, and must be kept available for inspection.

FOURTH: It is ordered that no cattle, sheep, goats or swine shall be shipped by rail in Pennsylvania except in newly cleaned and disinfected cars.

So far as possible, cars shall be cleaned and disinfected at established and specially equipped cleaning and disinfecting stations, then sealed and sent to the place where the cattle, sheep, goats or swine are to be loaded. Stock cars not newly cleaned and disinfected must not be permitted to enter Pennsylvania.

FIFTH: The transportation of hides, skins and hoofs of cattle (including calves) sheep, and other ruminants, and of hay, straw, or similar fodder, from the aforesaid quarantined area, is prohibited unless the said hides, skins, and hoofs and all hay, straw, or similar fodder be disinfected prior to movement under the supervision of an agent of the State Livestock Sanitary Board.

SIXTH: Cattle for purposes other than immediate slaughter (except apparently healthy calves under six months of age and steers) originating in other States not under quarantine are subject to regulations of December 12th, 1913 which require that such cattle be accompanied by a certificate of health and tuberculin test chart or by a permit signed by the State Veterinarian of Pennsylvania.

All transportation companies, cattle dealers, farmers, officers of the law and others are called upon to assist the State Livestock Sanitary Board in the enforecement of the foregoing order of quarantine so that this outbreak of disease may be eradicted with the least possible loss and in the shortest possible time.

C. J. MARSHALL,
State Veterinarian.

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Marrying Debora

How She Fooled Them

By AGNES G. BROGAN

"It is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard," said Debora. "No one but aunt could have conceived such an idiotic idea."

"Why, I don't know," mother answered musingly. "People who leave their money to be disposed of after death miss the pleasure of seeing others enjoy it. When your Aunt Debora makes a present of $50,000 to the niece first satisfactorily married she will not only be sure that her money has been wisely placed, but will furnish, at the same time, an incentive to early marriage among her young relatives."

"If aunt is so keen about early marriages," Debora spitefully remarked, "she should have made one herself. It is my private opinion, mother, that this unique proposal is made especially for my benefit."

Mother looked troubled.

"You must confess, dear," she said, "that you are rather difficult where men are concerned. I'm sure I don't know what is to become of you unless you give up some of your high ideals. Men are not perfect, you know." Mother sighed deeply. "The provoking part of it is," she continued, "that your cousin, Lucretia, already has a constant admirer."

"She may keep him, mother," Debora interjected cheerfully, while Brother Jack laughed.

"But it is such a pity to let all that money go out of the family," mother complained, "when we might just as well have it, if you would be more reasonable, Debora."

The family finally determined to send Debora away. There was a vague possibility that "Love," traveling abroad, might meet the contrary one unaware, and Cousin Lucretia's young man had now reached the flower and candy stage. It was decided that Debora should visit no less a person than her wealthy eccentric aunt.

"The very thing!" the girl exclaimed joyously. "Perhaps Aunt Debora will like me so well that she will make me a present of the money without—a man attachment."

"Rosemere is a settlement of millionaires," mother said importantly. "You ought to meet a number of eligibles there, Debora."

Judging from her first epistle, Debora had evidently dismissed the vexing man problem from her versatile mind.

She told enthusiastically of learning to run a tremendous horsepower automobile, and from then on her letters became a confused repetition of carbureters, spark plugs and other terms of automobile mechanism.

While, to add to the annoyance and chagrin, Lucretia's mother called to say that Lucretia's young man had proposed.

"We shall notify Aunt Debora as soon as possible," Lucretia's mother triumphantly concluded.

The mother of Debora broke the sad news to her assembled family that evening. Father smiled slyly as he drew a telegram from his pocket.

"Read that," he said, and, snatching it, Jack read aloud:

Am bringing Larry home to see you. We have been engaged for two weeks.
DEBORA.

Immediately there was the clatter of high heels down the hall, and then, there in the doorway, appeared the winsome face of Debora herself. Talking in a delighted incoherent chorus, the family fell upon her.

"Engaged!" cried little sister.

"Two weeks before Lucretia," added mother exultantly.

"You gave us so little information, dearie," grandmother complained, and the radiantly transformed Debora, seating herself, beamed upon them all.

"What is his business or profession, and—has he any money?" asked her father.

Debora shook her head.

"Not a penny," she answered regretfully. "He has no business or profession, either. Larry just sort of knocked around before he met me. He had no incentive to do better, but now"—

"Debora," mother asked deliberately, "where did you meet—this paragon? Was he introduced to you by your aunt?"

The girl's sunny smile returned.

"He wasn't introduced at all," she said pleasantly. "I met him in Mrs. Vandyke's garage."

The family exchanged glances of shocked incredulity.

"A garage?' Jack repeated.

"I said so," Debora answered petulantly. "Mrs. Vandyke lives next door to aunt. They have been lifelong friends. Aunt's pet spaniel got through a gap in the hedge one day, and I chased him into the Vandyke garage."

The old lady peered over her spectacles.

"Granddaughter," she asked wonderingly, "what was this Mr. McClure doing in Mrs. Vandyke's garage?"

Debora smiled again. "Why, didn't I tell you?" she said. "He runs Mrs. Vandyke's car!"

"Do you mean to tell me," father cried out sharply, "that this man is an ordinary chauffeur?"

"Not an ordinary chauffeur, father," the girl answered rebukingly. "Why, Mrs. Vandyke says she would not risk her life with any other driver."

"I should like to see the young man for about five minutes to tell him what I think of him," father said heatedly.

Debora rose and collected her belongings.

"You will have a chance pretty soon," she announced. "Larry and I rode in from Rosemere together, something went wrong with the automobile, and he stopped to fix it."

She had barely disappeared when a brilliant red car flashed past the windows, and the driver, alighting, hastily tossed his leather coat and goggles back upon the seat, then with nimble assurance dashed up the steps to the entrance.

"I am Mr. McClure," the young man announced, and mother recognized at once the soft tones so recently described.

"You will come in, please," she said, but even the infectious smile with which her invitation was accepted had no power to melt the frigid coldness of mother's manner.

"I seem to know you all from Debora's description," he said genially. Father bowed.

"We are glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you, Mr.—er—McClure," he said. "Be seated, please."

With a puzzled glance at the forbidding faces, the young man obeyed.

"Debora has informed us of entering into a hasty and foolish engagement," father continued, "an engagement which you must realize to be altogether impossible."

"Why impossible, sir?" Mr. Larry McClure asked quietly.

Father cleared his throat.

"In the first place," he began, "you may have heard of a gift of $50,000 which my daughter's aunt proposed to give to the one of her nieces first satisfactorily married. This reckless engagement would entirely exclude my daughter from receiving that gift."

Larry McClure wrinkled his brows.

"Debora told me about the money," he frankly confessed. "And Debora is the first niece to become engaged, isn't she?"

Father frowned. "You evidently forget the stipulation—'satisfactorily,'" he said.

"Well," Larry asked, "what's so unsatisfactory about me?"

The family looked aghast.

"Why, you've no prospects, no business, no profession."

Larry breathed a vast sigh of relief.

"If that is all," he said, "then everything will be right. I am going to study for a profession after Debora and I are married. It would be too long to wait—before."

"Would you mind telling me," father asked, and his tone was severe again, "how you and my daughter intend to live while you are studying for this profession?"

"Certainly, sir," Larry answered briskly. "You have forgotten the fifty thousand which I shall receive with my bride."

"Does my sister understand that you are counting on this money?"

Jack burst out hotly, "Has Debora quite gone crazy?"

"It was your sister who suggested the plan," Larry McClure indignantly retorted. Father rose to end the discussion.

"You are overconfident concerning this gift of money," he said cuttingly. "I am very sure that my daughter's aunt would not consider an ordinary chauffeur a satisfactory husband for Debora."

Mr. McClure stared inquiringly.

"An ordinary chauffeur?" he repeated.

"Father," cried a reproachful voice from the doorway, "didn't I say that Larry was not an ordinary chauffeur? I distinctly told you that Mrs. Vandyke would not trust any one else to drive her car. So Larry simply had to do it. He is Mrs. Vandyke's nephew, you see, and she has cared for him and—just doted on him ever since his mother died."

Debora waited, enjoying the general astonishment. Then grandmother came forward eagerly.

"Oh, Mr. McClure!" she said. "Can it be possible that your mother was Mrs. Vandyke's young sister? Dear, dear, I remember her well!"

"And—and your father the famous writer, Lawrence McClure?" mother exclaimed.

"The same," Larry answered, wondering. But his eyes were on Debora. Her own twinkled back a merry response.

"And Larry's aunt and mine being bosom friends," she continued, "they conceived together this brilliant idea of marrying off their young relatives, with this slight difference: Mrs. Vandyke's money goes to the first nephew satisfactorily engaged. And as Larry happens to be the first nephew and as his choice is entirely satisfactory to the aunt, why, that is the $50,000 which he expects to receive with his bride and to use in his future career."

"By Jove," said Jack, with a low whistle, "a clean $100,000 between you two!"

"You should have told us," mother said reprovingly. But Debora shook her head.

"You deserved punishment," she accused, "every single one of you. You were all so disgracefully anxious to marry me off."

And when she had closed the door upon them she went swiftly, with a happy sigh, straight into the arms of Larry. The Irish blue eyes looked down upon her with a tender light that was all Debora's own.

"You dared to malign your future husband," he whispered. Debora touched the wavy forelock caressingly.

"You are Irish, Larry, dear," she said, "and you know your hair is—red."

WIT IN HISTORY.

A Brief Address and a Pithy Reply That Won With Royalty.

Frederick the Great once granted a hearing to a subject on condition that he should cut his remarks very short.

"Let him say but two words," said the monarch.

"Very well," agreed the subject, and on entering the presence of Frederick he held out a petition and uttered but the two words:

"Sire, sign."

The subject won his request.

King Henry VIII. wished to commission a nobleman of his court to visit Francis I.

It was at a moment when international relations were extremely shaky, and the courtier showed no particular desire to absent himself from his home and country on so dangerous a mission.

"Do not be afraid," said King Henry. "If you lose your life in my service I will avenge you a hundredfold. I will take off the heads of all the Frenchmen in my power."

"Thank your majesty; your majesty is most gracious," said the courtier, "but of all those heads which you take off there may not be one which will fit on my shoulders."

The witty reply resulted in the courtier being excused from his dangerous mission.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

Where Were Ultima Thule and the Lost Atlantis Located?

A most puzzling geographic mystery has come down from ancient times. This is the old question as to the identity of Ultima Thule. It was about 400 B. C. that Pytheas, a citizen of Massilia, sailed on his famous voyage. He discovered Albion and then continued farther north until he reached a spot which he named Ultima Thule. What this country was has never been determined. It may have been Shetland or Norway or Iceland.

Another ancient puzzle is that of Atlantis. It is commonly believed nowadays that this vanished continent did once actually lie beyond the pillars of Hercules, and there are theories unending concerning it. Some regard the Canary islands as fragmentary remains of it, others think that the supposedly lost land was really America; but, in considering these speculations, it is well to bear in mind the fact that the first mention of the country was made by Plato, and many scholars are sure that the philosopher merely indulged in an imaginative flight. The solitary evidence that Atlantis ever existed is his reference to it.—Chicago Herald.

Origin of Humbug.

It is not generally known that the word "humbug," long so much in vogue, is of Scottish origin. There was in olden time a race called Bogue or Boag of that ilk in Berwickshire. A daughter of the family married a son of Hume, of Hume. In process of time, by default of male issue, the Bogue estate devolved on one Geordie Hume, who was called popularly "Hume of the Bogue,' or, rather, "Hum o' the Bug."

He was inclined to the marvelous and had a vast inclination to exalt himself, his wife, family, brother and all his ancestors on both sides. His tales, however, did not pass current, and at last, when any one made an extraordinary statement in the Nearns, the hearer would shrug up his shoulders and style it just "a hum o' the bug." This was shortened into humbug, and the word soon spread over the whole kingdom.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Clearing For Action.

When a warship is cleared for action not only is everything movable on the decks removed or made secure, but every article made of wood is, as far as practicable, thrown overboard. Sofas, tables, chairs, pianos, all the furnishings of officers' quarters, in fact, are hurriedly put over the side by the bluejackets, and in a few minutes as much as £1,000 worth of stuff is floating round the Dreadnought. At the moment that a warship is preparing to fire not a single soul is to be seen on the decks. All the sailors are below working the guns and getting the ammunition ready.—London Answers.

A Declining Art.

"Don't you want your boy, Josh, to be a good speller?" asked the school teacher.

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corntossel. "About all the notice a good speller gets nowadays is bein' called on occasionally to decide a bet."—Washington Star.

A Poor Remedy.

"I notice a man who had a cold in his head has committed suicide."

"Poor fellow! Now what fool friend could have advised him to try that remedy?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Very High.

"I just got that doctor's bill for that fever of mine."

"How was it?'

"It was a very high fever—higher than I dreamed."

Unusual Sight.

Once we were young, and now we are older, but never yet have we seen a man's wife going to his folks for advice as to what she should buy.—Galveston News.

Classifying Man.

Men may be divided into two classes—those who regard whiskers as an ornament and those who hold shaving as a sacred duty.—Atchison Globe.

Faith must become active through works.—C. W. Wendte.

A Disappointed Father.

Mrs. Higginson's letters to her husband's family in Brattleboro, says Mary Thacher Higginson in her biography of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, always contained characteristic comments on her husband's doings.

"Wentworth has been away two days this week," she wrote, "and is going to Washington tonight to fight for women. I wish they had been fixed before we were born. * * * Lately he has been trying to find a father and grandfather for some stray girls I don't know who. He hasn't found them yet, but I suppose he will persevere. I should think that one would be enough but he is naturally thorough, you know."

The colonel explained in a postcript: "The case of this girl is that she wants a pension because her father was a soldier and died in a military prison. I have come upon only two obstacles to her wish:

"First, that she is not the man's daughter.

"Second, that he is still alive."

Killing Cooking Odors.

No odor of cooking should greet the guest in a private home or even an apartment which claims to be of the exclusive class. A simple and agreeable deodorizer may be made of a handful of cloves, allowed to scorch with bits of orange peel on a tin plate in the oven, says the Kansas City Star. This mixture imparts a fragrance not unlike that of carnations, and, scattered about the rooms, it will completely destroy the odor of cooking vegetables or roasting meats. In the country the wise housewife may gather sweet clover, and the sprigs, dried out, will impart a fresh and delicious fragrance to the house linens all next winter. Lavender, that standby of oldtime housekeepers, may be purchased in little bags at trifling cost and makes a delightful fragrance for the linen closet.—Exchange.

The Post of Danger.

The Sieur de Joinville in his memoirs of St. Louis tells us that a certain man, sore beset by the pressure of temptation, sought counsel from the bishop of Paris, "whose Christian name was William." And this wise William of Paris said to him:

"The castle of Monti'hery stands in the safe heart of France, and no invading hosts assail it. But the castle of La Rochelle in Poitou stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which, gentleman, think you, the king holds high in favor, the governor of Monti'hery or the governor of La Rochelle? The post of danger is the post of glory, and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man."—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

The Fourth Officer.

"I've been on a bridge of a ship since I was fourteen. I don't know how to breathe inside a house," he said. One has to lead some kind of life, and as I sat there thinking it occurred to me that, even if it was poorly paid and at times lonely, there was something very sane and useful and good about the life of the fourth officer. In a little while he would look at his watch and exclaim a trifle diffidently, but with an unmistakable resumption of authority: "It's 10 o'clock. You must go now." Then he would almost instantly fall asleep, sleep for four hours, spend four more alone with the trackless waters and the southern stars, bathe, breakfast and begin another day with a fit body, clear brain, steady nerves and untroubled eyes.—Flandran's Essays.

Constantinople.

Constantinople was known as Lygos until 658 B. C., when it blossomed forth into Byzantium and bore that name for close on 800 years. Byzantium, like Rome, was built on seven hills, and this resemblance led Septimus Severus to rechristen it Nova Roma. On making the city the capital of the Roman empire Constantine the Great bestowed his own name upon it, and ever since it has been known as Constantinople in the western world. This name, however, is ignored by orientals, who have called it Istambul and Stamboul since its capture by the Turks in 1453.

Not Reading Matter.

"I won't pay one cent for my advertising this week," declared the storekeeper angrily to the editor of the country paper. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe polish in with the reading matter."

"And didn't I do it?" inquired the editor.

"No, sir!" roared the advertiser. "No, sir, you did not! You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, that's where you put it!"—Exchange.

Indian Jugglers.

Magicians and jugglers were found among the Indians by the Jesuit missionaries as early as 1613, and they were common among all the Algonquin tribes, and Charlevoix mentions them among the Iroquois in 1635. The Spaniards met them in Mexico and South America.

Oil of Bergamot.

The world's supply of oil of bergamot comes from a comparatively small part of Calabria, in the extreme south of Italy, fronting on the strait of Messina.

Schumann on Chess.

In music it is as with chess playing—the queen, melody, possesses supreme power, but it is the king, harmony, who ultimately decides.

Skill is stronger than strength.—Old Saying.

An Immaculate Garment

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last

By OSCAR COX

Edward Thorne was a very young man. A few men develop early and have then as much sense—though not as much experience—as when they reach middle age. But Ned Thorne at twenty-one was still a very young man. He had outgrown the age (thirteen to fifteen) when a boy is little troubled about what kind of a cravat he will wear and was much exercised about the cut of his clothes. His tailor had great difficulty in pleasing him and was changed every season.

But there was one object of far more serious consideration with young Mr. Thorne than clothes. He was ambitious to fight some one. Probably if there had been a war when he came of age he would have joined the colors. But there was nothing but peace—quiescent, jog trot peace—and it was entirely out of keeping with his inclinations.

Ned spent a great deal of time thinking about the best way to settle disputes among gentlemen. He favored the idea that while fist fights would do for the unruly they were beneath persons who were refined. A scrap of that kind was liable to cover a man with dirt, bloody his nose and make him look like a scavenger.

Such were Mr. Thorne's views when he went to Europe, where duels were then and are still in vogue, especially in France. He had heard a great deal about bohemia in the Latin quarter of Paris and concluded to take a course in art; not that he was fitted for that profession—for a cloud and a haystack on his canvas could not readily be told apart—but that he might mingle in the life of that part of Paris which was then given over to art students and grisettes.

So he rented a room and took lessons in an art school. He soon became acquainted with other students of different nationalities, though most of his associates were French. To the latter he regretted that in America there was no way for a gentleman to settle a dispute except through the courts. A man on being insulted to obtain satisfaction must get into a scuffle with a person, perhaps a coal heaven and quite likely very much stronger than he. Ned expressed himself as an admirer of the French method of the code.

His associates listened to these views and gained from them the impression that Ned was spoiling for a fight. Any body of young men between twenty and thirty years of age living together will become bohemian and, more than that, will be ready to play practical jokes on one another. One evening Ned went alone to the restaurant where he was used to dining. His intimate friends with whom he was accustomed to dine one and all had engagements to dine somewhere else. While Ned was eating his dinner a man came in and, taking a seat opposite him, scanned the bill of fare. Ned saw no necessity for the fellow to occupy the same table as himself and scowled at him. The man, looking up and seeing the frown, said politely:

"Monsieur, you do not seem pleased with me for a vis-a-vis?"

"There are other tables vacant, and I confess I prefer to dine alone."

"That means that you do not consider me a proper person to dine so near you."

There was vin ordinaire (wine not charged for) on the table, and the man had poured out a glass of it. With his words he threw the contents into Ned's face, then, rising, laid a card on the table and, adding that he would not trouble the gentleman with his presence any longer, went to another table.

Ned wiped the wine off his face and front, hastily finished his dinner and, taking up the card, returned to his rooms. During the evening one of his friends, Jules Munier, came in, and Ned told him of the incident that had occurred to him. Munier asked to see the card the man had offered, and Ned, feeling in his pockets, produced it. When Munier looked at the name he started.

"Antoine Le Crux!" he exclaimed. "Great heavens, man, you are in for a fight with the most noted duelist in Paris!"

"You don't mean it!" said Ned, catching his breath.

"I do. And the worst of it is that Le Crux does not fight in the modern way, simply to show his skill by letting a little blood; he fights to kill."

It is quite likely that the American's courage would have oozed out of his fingers' ends if he had not been angered by what an older man would have considered a matter of trivial importance. When Munier entered Ned was holding up the shirt he had worn at dinner, which was bespattered with red wine. If there was any one article of his wardrobe he was proud of it was that shirt. It was, indeed, a beauty, a negligee of harmonious colors, and Ned's monogram was embroidered in large characters on the pocket.

"I don't care whether he is the most noted duelist in the universe, I'm going to make him pay for spoiling that shirt."

A faint smile curled the Frenchman's lip, but he took care that Ned should not see it.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Challenge him, of course. You go right off and attend to the matter for me."

"Had I not better try to settle it? He may accept an apology."

"I apologize to him? Not a bit of it!"

"But suppose he will apologize to you?"

"I'll accept no apology from the man who spoiled that shirt. I'll spoil one for him, only there'll be blood on it instead of claret."

At the moment Paul Desmoulins, another of Ned's friends, came in, and Munier communicated the affair to him, taking care to repress his mirth that the American was intending to fight the foremost duelist in France, and willingly, since he had spoiled his shirt. Desmoulins protested against an encounter in which Thorne would surely be killed, and the picture he drew of Ned's chances staggered him. But a glance at his shirt, which he continued to hold up for inspection, brought the blood to his cheek, and he swore he would have the heart's blood of the man who had ruined it.

Half an hour later Munier entered the room of Louis Girardet, a struggling artist, and, laughing, said:

"It's working famously. He says he'll have your heart's blood."

"Why is he so vengeful? Was it the wine in his face?"

"No, the wine on his shirt. You ruined the best one in his wardrobe."

"Did you tell him that I only fight to kill?"

"Yes, and it would probably weaken him if he were not so enraged about the loss of his pet shirt."

Girardet looked grave.

"I've come," said Munier, "with a challenge. Paul came in as we had arranged, opportunely, and agreed to act as Thorne's second."

"But what are we to do?"

"I don't exactly know. We must find some way out of it. I never dreamed that he would insist on fighting when I told him you—or, rather, Le Crux, whose card you used—was the most noted duelist in France. Don't you think you could stand him off with foils till we can persuade him to cry 'Enough?'"

"I stand him off with foils? I'm no fencer."

"That's bad," thoughtfully. "Pistols won't do. Either he or you might get killed."

"What did you fellows mean by getting me into this scrape, anyway?"

"Why, we supposed his talk about dueling was a boyish fancy bubbling up in him. I think all would have gone well if you hadn't made him mad. You might have called him an ass or a puppy or anything like that but when it came to bespattering the front of that immaculate shirt it was too much."

"How would it do for me to apologize?"

"He says he won't accept any apology from the man who ruined his shirt."

"How about getting him another one?"

"I don't believe we could match it."

"Well, you fellows who concocted this scheme have got to do something. I'm not going to get killed simply to furnish you sport."

There was a conference on the part of the conspirators, and after several hours of debate it was decided to appeal to the American's generosity. When the two dueling parties appeared the next morning at sunrise in the Bois de Boulogne the French principal appeared with his right arm in a sling.

"What does that mean?" asked the American.

"M. Le Crux has had the misfortune to break his right arm."

"Can he fence as well with his left?"

"Parbleu! He cannot fence at all with his left."

"Then what the dickens do you mean by standing me up against a man who can't defend himself?"

"Perhaps now that M. Le Crux is disabled he will offer an apology."

"Apology be hanged! Do you suppose I would wring an apology from a man on such terms?"

Munier went to the pretended Le Crux, conversed in an undertone and, returning to Thorne, said:

"M. Le Crux is much impressed with your generosity. He is sorry for what occurred and would be happy to replace the shirt he ruined, but he has just been robbed of all his ready money."

"Never mind the shirt; how much has he lost?"

"Five hundred francs" ($100).

Thorne took out his pocketbook and extracted five 100 franc notes.

"Here, tell him he needn't return this till he gets ready. Ask him if he will join us at breakfast at the Cafe d'Orleans."

The message was delivered and the invitation accepted. An hour later a party sat down in the Cafe d'Orleans and enjoyed the hospitality of the American who begged that the disabled duelist would excuse him for objecting even by a look to his taking a seat at the same table. Before the evening was over the joke was communicated to Ned, who by this time had come to a very good humor, and since he had turned the tables on the jokers he laughed more heartily than any of them.

Edward Thorne is now a middle aged man, and his wife avers that the only fault she finds with him is that he is very careless about his personal appearance.

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Easy to Forgive.

A business man made an appointment with a friend a few days ago, and when the time rolled around he forgot the matter entirely.

The incident worried him so much that he dreaded to meet the friend and for several days tried to keep out of the latter's way.

Finally, however, the inevitable happened, and the two met fact to face in the lobby of a downtown club.

Before the business man could voice his explanation the friend extended his hand and began to apologize humbly:

"I must beg your pardon, old chap, but really I quite forgot about our engagement the other day, and I am indeed very sorry to have disappointed you."

When he fully recovered from the shock the business man exclaimed, with a magnanimous wave of his right hand:

"Don't worry, old man; even the best of us will sometimes forget."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cure For Nosebleed.

I sometimes read in the daily papers of death caused by bleeding at the nose. Here is a cure discovered by me and not known or practiced by any physician. I am an old shipmaster, have tried it in a number of cases and never knew it to fail. It is very simple. Any one can perform the operation.

Place the patient in a sitting position or propped up in bed, and with the forefinger press gently in the hollow of the throat just above the breast bone, and the bleeding will gradually cease.

To avoid bleeding at the nose, especially in the case of children, get a large bead the size of a large marble, put it on a silk or woolen string and tie it around the neck so that the bead hangs in the hollow of the throat and wear it night and day.—New York Sun.

A Remarkable Stork.

The whale billed stork is found on a lake south of the White Nile. The lake has never been mapped and is bordered by extensive swamps. It is hard to tell where swamp ends and lake begins, for most of the water surface is covered with a dense mat of tangled vegetation. On this mat the whale billed stork builds its nest. It is a very rare bird and is known to the Arabs as the Father of the Shoe, because of its huge shoe shaped bill. It is of solitary habits, blackish gray in color, with wide spreading long toed feet adapted for standing on the quaking surface of a floating field of vegetation. Its habits are sluggish, and it lives mainly on fish. Colonel Roosevelt describes it as "hunting sedately in muddy shallows or standing motionless for hours, surrounded by reed beds or by long reaches of treacherous ooze."

One Way of "Beating the Bounds."

The Cossack can do much in war, but in peace time he is not so handy. Then he is either a fisherman or a farmer, but he knows little about land surveying and less still about land registration. When disputes arise there is a method of settling them. When the boundary has been settled it is registered not upon parchment, but upon boys' backs. All the boys are collected and driven like sheep along the newly surveyed boundary. The procession halts at each landmark, a certain number of boys are chosen, thoroughly whipped and then sent home. This is done in the belief than an unmerited whipping would always remain in the memory—a truly wonderful method of "beating the bounds."—London Chronicle.

Facts About Furs.

The costliest sable is the Yakutsk or Russian skin that runs "silvery"—that has, in other words, a number of equally distributed white or silvery hairs among the soft and silky brown ones. The black silver fox is most valuable when there is no silver in it—when it is a pure rich black throughout. Ermine, contrary to the general belief, cleans well and is an exceedingly durable fur. Sea otter skins measure 48 by 24 inches. The best color is a dark bluish brown, almost black. Fisher is a large marten found in Canada and the northern United States. The skin measures 30 by 12 inches.

Hymn 333.

A youth named Harry Jordan sat at an examination at one of the eastern colleges. When he learned the result he telegraphed to his people:

"Hymn 333, verse 5, last two lines. Harry."

The anxious father turned to his hymn book and read the comforting couplet:

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."—Exchange.

Bonepicking.

Mrs. Biggs—So the Deddingtons are quarreling again? Mrs. Monty—Yes; their latest quarrel was about madam's pet dog and the expense of feeding it. Mrs. Biggs—Great Scott! They have bones of contention enough to feed a dozen dogs!

Jernegan's Play

How He Came to Make It a Success

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

It is a well known fact among authors that they cannot bring their characters to meet their conceptions of what these characters should be. In other words, the author does not write the story; rather, the story writes the author. There is a subtle reason for this that is very difficult to explain. The only statement that seems to fit the case is that the author does not always rightly interpret the human heart.

Jernegan was a playwright—that is, he wished to be a playwright. He was in the impoverished condition of a struggling literary man, being out at the elbows and hungry. Every play he had written had been turned down by the managers. But now he had struck something new, he thought, and would succeed. But inventing plots needs sustenance as well as shoveling dirt, and there was no fuel in Jernegan's stomach. He was pale and thin, and when he walked he staggered.

Jernegan took his characters from real persons. When he needed a hero or a heroine or a villain or a "heavy woman" he hunted up some one who when put in his play would be flesh and blood, not a wooden man or woman, to move about on the stage like an embodied phonograph. He did not begin that way; he learned it by experience. He studied books on playwrighting, but he got little from them, although this may have been because he was not capable of appreciating what there was in them. The ordinary technique of the stage he had learned from playing parts himself, for he had been an actor before trying to write plays.

One morning Jernegan started off into the country without any breakfast to hunt up a minor character for a play on which he was engaged. He needed a young girl to pair off with a soldier boy, who was the bosom friend of the hero. She was to say very little, do very little, but at the end of the closing act was to stand hand in hand with the soldier boy. The playwright spent the only money he had—a nickel—for car fare; then on alighting where there were few houses and plenty of trees he walked along a road, stopping at a house here and there, hunting for a girl for his soldier boy.

All of a sudden while walking beside the road the turf came up and hit him in the head.

The next thing Jernegan knew he was directing a rehearsal of the characters of his play.

"How singular," he said to himself, "that these persons should be exactly as I have imagined them! And there is Charles Fearing, the manager, who has turned down so many plays of mine, looking on and evidently much interested."

"Mr. Jernegan," said the heroine, "you have made an egregious blunder in the makeup of this play."

"How is that?" asked the playwright.

"The hero, Edmond Dixon, whom you intend that I shall marry, is a chump I'll have nothing to do with him."

"That's discouraging."

"You'll have to give me another man."

"That would mean to burn the manuscript and begin anew. I couldn't think of doing that. I would starve before I had half finished. What's the matter with the hero?"

"He is a prig."

Jernegan sighed. This was not the first time his characters had rebelled against his authority as their creator, and there was nothing in all his work that so troubled him.

"You must go through the rehearsal, and perhaps I will discern what it is in him that repels you. If so I may be able to change him."

"I see where the trouble is," said the manager. "You have separated her from her husband and married her to a man who is her inferior. She doesn't take to the new conditions, nor will the public."

"But the first is a very weak and the second a very strong man."

"That doesn't matter. One of the first dramatic laws is that there shall be but one love, which must go through the play, for better or for worse."

"That's no dramatic law," remarked the hero. "Everybody knows that the world refuses to sympathize with a changed love."

"Call it what you like," said the manager, "it's absolute, and no author has ever yet been able to disregard it and win."

"Dumas did so," Jernegan put in. "In the 'Count of Monte Cristo' he gave Edmond Dantes a second love."

"The only blot on that wonderful work."

Every one started at this criticism of an author whom they supposed to be invulnerable. Nothing was said for a few moments, when a chit of a girl, in dairymaid costume, asked in a little bit of a voice:

"Where do I come in?"

"You," said Jernegan, "are the character I have been looking for. You're to love the soldier boy, Billy Muzzle."

"Am I to marry that country girl, Susan Andrews?" asked Billy angrily.

"Yes. What's the matter with her?"

"She has no business in the play at all. Your characters are city persons. I'm city bred myself. She smells of the barn, where she does the milking."

"Perhaps I've made her too realistic."

"Perhaps you have. Did you model her from a country girl?"

"Yes. I came into the country especially to find her."

"I know country people. They have nothing in common with city people. Do you suppose they can feed hogs and milk cows and be neat and clean? Not much. You must either dress up your dairymaid and put gloves on her hands or leave her out. I don't propose to marry a girl who hasn't anything better to wear than a calico dress."

"Billy's right," said the manager. "You can't put that girl on the stage as she is. You must either make her up as the audience imagines her or make a lady of her in the third act. Either way will do."

"Haven't characters in a play any will as to what they will do?" asked Susan demurely. "Does the playwright control us entirely?"

"Judging from this rehearsal," replied Jernegan, "the characters run the playwright. I've been working for three months on this play. When I got my scenario completed I thought I had an easy job in putting in the dialogue. And I had. But now it's all finished I find that the motif is wrong. I undertook to make the heroine happy after all her marital troubles, and, behold, she calls the fellow I intended to solace her a prig! I've got a real country girl on the stage, and I've got to take her out and put in a wax figure. And now, after having supposed my work finished, my characters are clamoring to have their own way as to what they shall do."

"This is all wrong," said the manager. "You people go on with the rehearsal and stop your grumbling. Remember that you're to please the public, not yourselves. Proceed."

The rehearsal commenced, but it was evident from the first that the characters didn't jibe. The heroine was conscious of the fact that she was as much at fault in the matter of her marital troubles as her husband. She understood him and could have got on with him very well had it not been for the interference of the author between her and him. And, as for the hero, he was a man's man and not a woman's man at all. Her feelings being for her husband and not for his rival, she made a botch of it.

As for Susan, the dairymaid, notwithstanding her calico dress and cowhide shoes, there was something about her that was pleasing. Before the rehearsal was half finished the few words she spoke went straight to the hearts of those who heard them.

"I didn't realize what I was doing," said the playwright, "when I drew her. I thought I was putting all the merit into the heroine."

Billy Muzzle turned out to be excellent and was the life of the play. At first he made a pretense of his devotion to Susan, laughing at her in his sleeve, but she bore this so patiently and showed so deep a love for him that she won him in a scene in the third act.

But nothing could save a play wherein the principal characters were antagonistic to their lines. Jernegan was convinced that his hero was what the heroine had called him—a prig. The heroine was well enough, but she was trying to act contrary to her nature. As to the husband, who was intended to take the place of the villain, Jernegan wondered how he could have intended to make the man contemptible. He was winning his wife in spite of the author's attempt to make him repel her. When the rehearsal came to the climax in the third act she took the bit in her teeth and defied the author by throwing herself into her husband's arms and asking his forgiveness.

Jernegan at this point came back to his real surroundings. Susan was the only character left, and she was in the flesh.

"Where am I? What's the matter?"

"I think you must have fainted, sir."

"How long have I been here?"

"Only a few minutes. I saw you fall. I was in that yard over there feeding the chickens. Let me help you to walk there. I'll give you a glass of milk."

Jernegan arose with her assistance and staggered to the house. The milk she gave him seemed like lifeblood poured into him.

"We'll have dinner soon," said the girl, who noticed that Jernegan was famished, "and I think you'll be better for eating something. We're going to have fried chicken."

Jernegan's mouth watered. The dinner hour was 12 o'clock, but the girl, noticing Jernegan's hungry look, hurried its cooking and got it ready half an hour earlier. When Jernegan had partaken of a good meal he was a changed man. He pretended that he was weaker than he was that he might stay awhile with Susan, as he persisted in calling her, though her name was Eunice.

When the playwright left the house he had turned his play upside down. The soldier boy and Susan, though introduced as subordinates, became the life of the play. The husband was the hero and the former hero the villain, who made all the trouble between the married couple. Jernegan went to Fearing, the manager, and told him of his dream, vision or whatever it was, and Fearing agreed to grubstake him till he could rewrite his play. When it was finished Fearing staged it, and it was a great success.

The chief reason for this was that Jernegan interested Eunice in it and persuaded her to prepare herself for Susan's part. She happened to be a natural actress and, despite her calico clothes and cowhide shoes, won her audience.

She is now starring as Eunice Jernegan.

Death Chair Ready.

(continued from first page.)

head has been shaved, and on the top of his skull is clamped another copper plate covered by a sponge which has been saturated with water to better transmit the electric current. Heavy cables run from the chair to a switchboard built inside the wall just a few feet to the rear of the chair. Beyond that wall is a compactly built engine and mammoth dynamo generating the current that has displaced the hangman's noose. An expert electrician stands witnin the death chamber. His hand is on a tiny lever at the switchboard. At a signal that all is ready he shoots the lever two or three inches to one side. This slight movement of the lever has sent coursing through the cables and through the prisoner's body a current of 2200 volts, or even more. All is over in the twinkling of an eye. A second or third charge may be applied, but the first usually is sufficient. Physicians are stationed about the chair to determine when life is extinct. Seated on a concrete bench that extends about three sides of the room are the jury empaneled by the Warden and a few newspaper men. There are no other spectators.

The death chair even now is in readiness. Tests have proved this. In the actual operation the tests are comparatively simple. A barrel of water is used, it being known to expert electricians exactly what quantity to use to provide the same resistance as that of the human body. The electric cables are detached from the chair and plunged into this barrel of water. The current is applied and the water turns to a brownish, red color. Tests of this character were made in the presence of the writer on Saturday. There will be additional tests from time to time, particularly on the few days immediately preceding the date for the first electrocution.

Just beyond the death chamber is another room and of about the same size. Here the autopsises are made. The lifeless body of the prisoner is carried into this room and placed upon an operating table which revolves about on a center pin. After the autopsy the body may be claimed by the family of the dead man, otherwise it is sent to the State Anatomical Society for dissection at clinics. Possession of the body may not be denied the man's family, however.

It rests with the Warden what shall be the exact day and hour for an electrocution. In all likelihood Warden Francies will follow the example of New York and have all electrocutions in the hours of the morning just before dawn. The reason for this is to guard as much as possible against unnecessary excitement among other condemned prisoners.

When one stops to think about such a grewsome proceeding made necessary by the mandate of the law, one wonders at the strange position in which Warden Francies finds himself. Few persons may know this, but it is true. Warden Francies is at heart firmly opposed to capital punishment. As a member of the Legislature from Allegheny County some years ago he voted to abolish capital punishment. He was opposed to substituting electrocution for hanging and providing that all murderers in Pennsylvania should be electrocuted at the new penitentiary. But as a servant of the law, and knowing no other master while he serves as Warden, he will carry out its mandate to the letter.

Who among our readers is able to see into the future far enough to forecast the meaning of Pennsylvania's modern death house? Some there may be who will say that Pennsylvania has advanced and taken on the most modern method of execution of human life science has been able to devise. Then again—and who knows but that they are right—some may see far enough ahead to prophecy that the installation of this modern instrument of death just a few miles beyond Bellefonte marks the beginning of the end for capital punishment in Pennsylvania. And their analysis is that sooner or later this centralizing of human slaughter will result in a revulsion of public sentiment that will find expression at Harrisburg in the form of an act providing that the extreme penalty for crime shall not be greater than life imprisonment.

But once away from the death house and the memory of its grewsome mission and one beholds the very opposite view of prison life—the better, brighter side, the human side as Warden Francies is bringing it into reality. A small army of men are at work, some blasting and digging out stone in a quarry, others digging and grading grounds, still others making the way for foundations for the group of wonderful buildings which in time to come will constitute Pennsylvania's penitentiary—a prison for not only convicts now at Pittsburgh but for those heretofore confined in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. These men at work move about just as do other laborers. Each wears a suit of dark material and a cap. There are probably 130 of them, each doing a full day's labor. These men are convicts. In a sense they are prisoners, but prison life to them is not that inflicted upon present prisoners in the penitentiaries at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. True, they sleep at night in steel barred rooms in a building that but a short time ago was a farm house. They must arise in the morning at six and be in bed at night by nine o'clock. They must conform to certain rules and regulations. But aside from the fact that they must remain until they may go to their homes, these men are the ones who are among the first to enjoy the outdoor life system of prison life—the health preserving feature—which prompted Warden Francies to go before the Legislature and ask for the privilege to lay aside the barbarous customs of olden days and try that of treating prisoners as human beings.

It is a wonderful work that is being done at the new penitentiary. System and modern methods are being applied in all that is being done. Many who are not prisoners are at work on the mammoth undertaking, but this story is one dealing with the prisoners. They built an addition to the farm house that constitutes their temporary prison. It is of concrete, and the prisoners built every inch of it. Incidentally there was a saving to the State of $18,000 as compared with the lowest bid offered by contractors. Assistant Superintendent Herron is the man behind the system and modern methods of construction work. Concreting alone is an interesting study. It is done on an extensive scale. Convicts quarry the stone, and at the mouth of the quarry it is dumped into a huge crusher. From the crusher an endless chain of buckets carry it up an incline to an elevation of 30 feet. There the crushed stone is automatically dumped into other steel buckets attached to an automatic tramway. These buckets are carried by cables to points a half mile away, deposit their load of 150 pounds each and return to the elevator for a fresh supply. What does this operation alone cost? Better still, what did it cost before modern methods were applied? The cost of the old cumbersome plan was about $32 per day. Now it is about $4. One man operates the whole business. He happens in this instance to be William McFarland, a Bellefonte boy, and lest anybody gather a wrong impression, he is not a prisoner.

Just a short distance off in another direction a group of men may be seen building long, low mounds of earth. They are storing vegetables for use during the winter. The vegetables were grown on the prison farms. And here is just a fragment of the dream of Warden Francies which at first was scoffed at but which now is lauded in all parts of the civilized world. He hopes that eventually the products of the prison farms will serve to feed the inmates of all State institutions. Furthermore, he hopes that the products of the prisoners' labor in the winter months, such as shoes, clothing, school furniture, etc., will serve the needs of not only our State institutions but our public schools. This last thought need not agitate parents of present school children, for a large part of school room furniture is today made in the prisons of other states.

Broad in scope as is the present farm area taken over for the penitentiary, it is the belief of Warden Francies that eventually the State will need more land. There are at present more than 5000 acres. His reason is quite simple. One is able to realize the number of men required to properly work an 100-acre farm, remarks Warden Francies. Just so. Now, how much land will be required to provide something for every man to do when more than 2000 prisoners are at the new penitentiary? The Warden thinks the question answers itself.

Work on the main penitentiary building will not be begun until after the next Legislature paves the way with a suitable appropriation. This building will stand 150 feet in front of the death house, facing the Montandon railroad. Between the railroad and the main building will be the great prison wall. This will be twenty-five feet high and will encircle about eighty acres of ground. Even at this height the wall will not obstruct the the view of persons standing nearby the main building. The installation last Saturday of a warning whistle, announcing the escape of a prisoner, is the forerunner of a more drastic system when the prison is farther on to completion and a larger number of convicts are on hand. On the top of the main building will be a tower and in this tower will be a gatling gun, with a range so great and carrying a charge so deadly that it will be possible to sight the instrument by means of a magnifying glass and riddle an escaping man's body to shreds when he is miles and miles distant. For protection at night there will be a gigantic searchlight that will pick up the smallest object almost as far off as the eye can carry.

It may be—and probably will—that one or more escaping convicts will be shot and killed before the lesson is learned that an attempt to escape is a gamble between life and death. It is the plan of Warden Francies to be prepared to treat a comparatively few as they deserve to be treated rather than make a greater number suffer.

There isn't much humor in prison life, but one prison law has a humorous side at least. It is a law imposing a term of four years on any person who trespasses upon the penitentiary grounds. In other words, if you try to break into the penitentiary you may be sentenced to a term of four years—a longer term than you would get if you were already in for one year and escaped and were caught. This is a measure which makes the Warden a law unto himself while he is on the prison grounds. It is to enable him to cope with any emergency such as outsiders entering the grounds to aid a prisoner to escape. If he deems it necessary the Warden is empowered to have his men shoot to kill. It was founded on the very sensible idea that in such an emergency there would hardly be sufficient time to first go to the Court House at Bellefonte and secure an injunction restraining intruders from carrying out their intentions. In its way, the new penitentiary is a most attractive place—particularly to those who are inside, because they are able to appreciate the improved conditions as compared with the old penitentiaries. At the same time, there is little likelihood that Warden Francies will ever have to appear as a witness against anybody charged with violation of the law prohibiting breaking into the new penitentiary.

Boy's Hand Cut Off.

Calvin, the 15 years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gensimore, of Eden Valley, met with an accident several days ago which resulted in the loss of his right hand. He was assisting in shredding fodder on the David Waite farm when his hand became fastened in the shredder. The arm was severed between the wrist and the elbow. Young Gensimore was removed to the Altoona hospital for treatment.

Dorsey Fiedler Dead.

Dorsey Fiedler died on Monday morning at 3 o'clock at his late home at Fiedler from tuberculosis. Deceased was a son of H. O. Fiedler and at the time of death was aged 20 years. Surviving also are two brothers and two sisters. Interment will be made tomorrow, Rev. W. H. Brown, of Woodward, officiating.

Dr. Jackson a Trustee.

Dr. John Price Jackson, state commissioner of labor, has been appointed a member of the board of trustees of the Pennsylvania State College.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	$1.10
Wheat, red	$1.05
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching, 50c a box.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

GEORGIA BLOODHOUNDS.

Keen Scent Enables Them to Perform Almost Incredible Feats.

What the Georgia bloodhound can do seems almost incredible. A convict sleeping in one bunk of a hundred, shod and clad precisely as the hundred convicts about him, may slip his chain and flee. Ten miles away he may meet his fellow prisoners again, may run to and fro among them or walk with them a mile and leave them.

Six hours after these hounds, put on his track where he slipped the camp, will follow him to where he met his gang, will tread his track in and about with hundreds of tracks, take it up where he leaves them and run him down though he cross convict gangs every mile he runs.

This escaping convict, clad in stripes cut from the same bolt with a hundred others, may run through the woods, touching weeds and bushes as he runs. Fifty other convicts may run through the same woods in every direction. The dogs will hold his scent, running full tilt, breast high. If he makes a curve of forty-five degrees the dogs will not run the line, but will catch his scent thirty yards away and across the angle, though it were filled with the convicts who had eaten and slept with the fugitive.

Often a dog will carry a scent in a gallop, running parallel thirty yards to the windward. An uncanny and terrible little beast is the red bone hound, trained for the hunting of man.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SAVED BY A WAGER.

Doomed by the Surgeons, Hay Bet He Would Live, and He Did.

When Colonel Hay, notorious for his love of gambling and betting, was severely wounded in the Peninsular war two brother officers came across his apparently lifeless body.

"Poor Hay! He's gone at last," said one named Winsor.

A faint voice came from the ground, "I'll lay you a hundred he's not." His death seemed only a question of minutes, but he continued, "Enter the bet, and you, Marston"—addressing the other officer—"be witness."

He then fainted. When he was taken to the hospital the surgeon told him the bullet could only be removed by sawing through two ribs and introducing a child's hand to extract it, as forceps could not touch it. "The chances are," he added, "that you will die under the operation."

"If Winsor will make his bet double or quits I'll consent," said the colonel.

Winsor agreed.

"Now saw away," said Hay. "I won't die." And he did not.

"But for that bet," he said afterward, "I should be a dead man. It was my determination to win it that kept me alive."—Pearson's Weekly.

There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.—George Eliot.

Correspondence.

Milesburg.

Prof. and Mrs. R. R. Williams spent the week-end with relatives and friends in Lock Haven and Salona.

Mrs. Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Degarmo.

Mrs. Pierce, of State College, visited with the Misses Adams during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell and family spent Sunday with W. R. Campbell.

Mrs. William Walker is visiting friends in Runville.

Messrs Forest Aikens, Fred Dyke, Ray and Lane Johnson, Paul Gingher, and James Oswald left Saturday for their annual hunting trip. Their camp is near Red Buck Spring.

William Walker departed Friday for his annual hunting trip. Mr. Walker joined his party in Bellefonte and they pitched camp near the Beech Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Swartz Sunday ed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Peters.

Mrs. Homer Noll and daughter, Thelma, visited at the former's home, John Swartz's, during the past week.

Mrs. Haines, of Bellefonte, spent Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Haupt.

C. T. Miles, who is employed in Altoona, spent the week with his parents and friends here.

Miss Rose Haupt made a business trip to State College and Milheim during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitman are rejoicing over the arrival of a new daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Shay are rejoicing over the arrival of a new son.

Mrs. Agnes Moore spent Saturday with friends and relatives in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. James McCullough and family are moving into their new home on Water Street.

The many friends of Mrs. Enoch Hugg will be glad to hear that she has recovered from the severe illness to which she was a sufferer for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheckler have moved into the Brick Yard house.

Burns York, a freshman at Penn State College, spent Sunday with relatives and friends in the burg.

Mr. and Mrs. James Richard and daughter, Alice, have departed for a two-weeks vacation with their daughter, Effie, at Richmond, Va.

Quite a surprise was given to Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer last Tuesday evening, when her friends gathered to greet her on her birthday anniversary. Mrs. Emenhizer received many useful and beautiful gifts. The party dispersed at a late hour, wishing Mrs. Emenhizer many more happy days.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Campbell entertained the Girls' Embroidery Club, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Campbell, last Wednesday night. Mrs. Oscar Campbell was formerly Miss Florence Campbell and was a member of the club. She and Mr. Campbell were married Oct. 28, 1914. They received many beautiful gifts and the club departed wishing them a long happy and prosperous life. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Campbell departed on Thursday noon for their new home in McKeesport, where Mr. Campbell is employed.

Mrs. Hull, a former resident of the burg, is visiting with Mrs. Proudfoot.

Do not forget the Musical to be held under the auspices of the young people of the M. E. Church in Mann's building, Nov. 20th, 1914. Admission 25c.

Thanksgiving services will be held in the Baptist Church Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th. Rev. Mr. Wolf, of the Presbyterian church, will have charge of the services.

T. A. Hugg, after a two-weeks vacation, departed for Williamsport where he is employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, of Pittsburg, are visiting at the Kinne home.

Miss Chrissie Emenhizer visited with her aunt, Mrs. Kate Emenhizer, of Yarnel, who has been very ill.

Charles Emenhizer Sundayed with friends in Sunbury.

Roland Bryan is visiting friends in Altoona.

Miss Emma Kinne has returned home from Hollidaysburg, where she had been visiting with her sister, Mrs. Brotherlin.

Miss Jennie Adams left Wednesday for State College where she will visit with Mrs. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson and family spent Sunday with friends in Hecla.

Harry Janet and son made a business trip to Lock Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mann have left for Orviston, where they both expect to enjoy the hunting season.

Mrs. Budinger, of Snow Shoe, was a visitor at her daughter's home, Mrs. H. T. Mann. Mrs. Budinger left for home on Friday, taking the Mann children with her.

William Neff, of Curtin, Sundayed with his brother, Edgar Neff.

Mr. and Mrs. John Woods, of Nittany, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Jodon.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. A. H. Duncan, of Philipsburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Harshberger.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harpster, and little daughter, Alice, have been visiting friends and relatives in Cambria and Westmoreland Counties during the past week.

Rev. W. H. Williams and family, of Spring Mills, arrived in town Monday, to spend a week or two at home.

F. S. Jones, of Altoona, was an all-night guest at A. J. Johnson's recently.

Mrs. Cook and baby are spending some time with Mrs. Cook's parents at Flemington.

Jackson Harpster and Will Harpster are home to enjoy the hunting.

Mrs. Kate Haufman, of Philipsburg, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Susan Stine.

Mrs. Benner Turner and Misses Ruth Cowher and Leora Harshberger spent last Saturday and Sunday in Altoona.

Rev. G. A. Williams, wife and baby, of Altoona, are guests of Misses Florence and Mabel Williams.

Miss Ella Cowher, of Tyrone, spent Saturday at home.

Miss Olive Straw has made frequent trips to the Bellefonte Hospital to see her sister, Miss Edna, who last week underwent a serious operation for appendicitis. She is recovering nicely.

Philip Young and wife have moved to Mapleton, and their property was purchased by H. M. Crain, who moved to it Tuesday of this week.

Miss Mildred Williams, of Altoona, is spending a short time at home.

We are glad to note that George Harshberger's two little girls, who have been seriously ill with diphtheria, are recovering.

Mrs. William Shultz shopped in Altoona last Saturday.

Little Margaret Pringle, who has been ill for some time, and last week underwent an operation at the Bellefonte Hospital for the removal of adenoids and her tonsils, is now able to be about as usual.

On Wednesday evening, October 28th, the "Rebekahs" gave a banquet, which was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all present, especially the good things to eat.

This year two camping parties left for the mountain at the opening of deer season. The one party is composed of Porter Woodring and his boys and the Woodring boys from Bellefonte; the other of Rev. W. H. and Rev. G. A. Williams, Ralph Williams, Estes Woodring, O. A. Williams, A. B. Williams, and several others. Rich returns are awaited.

A merry crowd of young folks gathered at the home of Adam Cowher last Tuesday evening, in honor of his daughter, Ruth's birthday. A most delightful evening was the response of all present.

Saturday afternoon the Grangers served a dinner in the K. G. E. Hall, which is their meeting place.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Johnsonbaugh, who have been living in Bellefonte since their marriage, are moving to Mrs. Johnsonbaugh's parental home here. Mr. Johnsonbaugh will take a position in Eller's store.

Church Services:

METHODIST—Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m.; Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.; followed by Preaching Services at 7:45.

PRESBYTERIAN—Sabbath School at 10:00 a. m.; Preaching Service at 11:00 a. m.

BAPTIST—Sabbath School at 10:00 a. m.; Prayer Service at 7:30 p. m.

William Potter Dead.

William Potter, a native of Penns valley and for a number of years a resident of Bellefonte, died on Monday morning, last at his late home in Philadelphia. He had been ill but a short time. In a letter written on election day, November 3d, to a brother-in-law, A. V. Miller, he remarked that he had been to the polls and had done his duty and to this he added: "Now let Gabriel blow his horn." His death occurred just six days later. Deceased was aged 87 years and was a son of the late Samuel Potter. He was born at Linden Hall. Four years ago he removed from Bellefonte to Philadelphia. His remains were brought to Bellefonte on Wednesday morning. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Hannah Burchfield Dead.

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. J. Beck, at Altoona, Mrs. Hannah M. Burchfield, a widely known resident of that city, died last Friday morning at 9.45 o'clock, of a complication of diseases She was born at Boalsburg, Pa., on April 6, 1833, and had resided with her daughter for the past twenty-one years. Fifty eight years ago the deceased was married to William Burchfield, who died forty-two years ago. She was a member of the First Presbyterian church and is survived by the following children: Edward L. and Hugh, both of Altoona; Mrs. Effie Jacobs, of Boalsburg; Mrs. M. J. Beck and Mrs. J. B. Felty, both of Altoona.

Death of Infant.

An infant twin daughter of Samuel Snyder, of Fiedler, died on Saturday of last week. The little one was aged 20 days. Interment was made on Monday.

Pine Grove Mills.

J. Roy Goss, of Clearfield, has been in this section gunning for wild game.

Mr. and Mrs. Bressler were Sabbath day visitors at the L. H. Sunday home.

D. Clyde Krebs and wife came over from State College and spent Sunday of last week with J. W. Fry, who is slowly convalescing.

Harry Stewart, of Sandy Ridge, was a Penns valley visitor recently.

Hugh McAfee, the popular huckster of Half-moon, bought a ton of pork from Mack Fry recently.

Wilbur Decker is busy with a bunch of shovelers trueing up the surface of State roads.

Just ninety-three stay-at-home voters in East Ferguson, which explains the light vote.

Everybody who had a gun or who could borrow one was out last week for rabbits and pheasants.

Joe Adams and a party from Altoona have pitched their tents on the old M. E. camp ground. The camp is composed of five men, two women and five dogs.

Ed. Isenberg was attached to no crowd but came in with nine cotton-tails for the first day's hunt.

Curt Cronemiller came over from Patton on Tuesday of last week and is visiting friends in and about State College.

W. H. Roush and family are now snugly fixed up in the W. H. Myers home, at Boalsburg, to which place they moved recently.

Fred B. Tate who wields the birch in the Quay school house, in Curtin township, was home to vote and also do a little hunting.

H. H. Goss has been suffering from auto fever, of the Overland type.

Charley Myers and wife and Mrs. George Herman and daughter, Mary, enjoyed a motor trip down Penns valley and spent Sunday of last week at the Clyde Ditrow home.

Rev. J. C. Kelley will occupy the pulpit in the Presbyterian church the first Sunday in December.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Osman and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Seibert motored down to Center Line where they spent Sunday of last week at the John Bowersox home.

Mrs. Charles Weaver has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowersox, on Main Street. Mr. Bowersox has been in feeble health.

The stork was busy here recently, leaving a sweet little girl at the J. E. Sausserman home and a chubby boy at the John C. Houck home. All are doing nicely.

Mrs. T. C. Cronover and sister Lizzie, were visitors on Sunday of last week at the O'Bryan home on Church Street.

Mrs. James Hoover spent the early part of last week at the Bellefonte hospital by the side of her son, George, who underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is improving nicely.

The wall for the James Glenn barn is about completed and the new structure will be rushed to a finish in order to beat the first snow. Howard Evy has the contract. He is a hustler from 'way back.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith and daughter, Adaline, came down from Altoona on Monday of last week to visit at the hospitable home of Grandpa Port.

Mrs. Alice Orr came over from Clearfield recently and spent a few days at the J. D. Murphy home on Water Street, before leaving for her future home at Jacksonville, Florida, where she will reside with her son-in-law, Nichols, who is a successful trucker in that State.

Mt. Eagle.

The party of young fellows who were camping in the mountains came home last Thursday night. They report rabbits scarce. Their haul consisted of five rabbits, one pheasant, one squirrel and a skunk.

Mrs. Benjamin Shupp, of Tyrone, spent several days visiting at the home of her friend, Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Mr. Decker, an insurance agent from Altoona, spent a day in Mt. Eagle with Mrs. E. H. Leathers on business.

Our nimrods were busy for several days getting ready to go to the mountains for deer.

The Brown boys have been busy of late buying up their stock of chickens for the new hennery which they recently built.

Mrs. Arthur Bathurst and children visited in Howard over Sunday.

E. H. Leathers and Arthur Bathurst were business visitors in Bellefonte on Saturday.

Miss Gummo, of Salona, is visiting with her uncle, T. G. Leathers, in Mt. Eagle.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bryan, of Curtin, have been spending a few days in town with their son, George, and daughter, Mrs. T. G. Leathers.

Mr. Bitner, of Renovo, and a Mr. Herman, spent Sunday at the William Bitner home, while, enroute to the mountains to hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Braumbaugh and son, Tom, spent Sunday with Mrs. Braumbaugh's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

Miss Leathers, daughter of Austin Leathers, of Braddock, is here visiting with her uncle, T. G. Leathers.

PAID TO GET THE GOODS.

Consequently He Felt That They Were His by Right.

A claim once made on the explorer Cameron in the neighborhood of Gaboon, Africa, shows the weirdly peculiar workings of the native African's mind. Some of Cameron's possessions proved unduly attractive to a native, and he determined on transferring the ownership to himself. He accordingly paid another native $200 to procure for him the coveted goods.

The assistant took the money and did his best to earn it, but Mr. Cameron had perversely locked up the very articles that the fellow's employer had set his heart upon. The man could not carry out his bargain, and neither did he feel that he could part with the money. Therefore he ran off with it.

What more logical than that the man who was the loser by $200 should expect the explorer to make the loss good? This he assuredly did expect.

He went to Mr. Cameron and told him the story, demanding in the first place the $200 which he (Cameron) by locking up his goods had compelled the complainant to lose and, secondly, the actual price of the goods themselves, which but for these arbitrary measures would now have been in his possession. It is not stated that his expectations were realized.—London Spectator.

EARLY BANK RUNS.

The Dutch Fleet In the Thames Started One In London In 1669.

The first run of which we have any account in the history of banking occurred in the year 1667. It was quickly stopped. At that date the bankers of England were the goldsmiths, who had a short time before begun to add banking to their ordinary business and had become very numerous and influential.

In 1669 the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, blew up the fort at Sheerness, set fire to Chatham and burned some ships of the line. This created the greatest consternation in London, especially among those who had intrusted their money to the bankers, for it was known that the latter had advanced large sums to the king for public purposes, and it was rumored that now the king would not be able to pay the money. To quell the panic a royal proclamation was issued to the effect that payments by the exchequer to the bankers would be made, as usual.

In 1671 there was another run on the London banks, when Charles II. shut up the exchequer and refused to pay the bankers either principal or interest of the money which they had advanced. On this occasion many of the banks and their customers were ruined.—London Standard.

Ten Stick Island.

In the Southwest bay, in the New Hebrides group, there is a small wooded island of considerable height above the sea, although only a few hundred yards in circumference. The story of its acquisition is a curious one. Southwest bay used to be considered a good place for target practice by the British men of war on patrol duty there, and this small inlet was used as a target so frequently that it seemed in danger of being gradually shot away. The chief who owned it protested and wanted compensation. The captain of a man-of-war who understood the natives knew that these claims would be a ceaseless source of blackmail unless they were settled once for all, so he bought the island for the British crown, paying ten sticks of tobacco for it, and every one was satisfied. The place since then has been known as "Ten Stick island."—London Standard.

Isn't a Loaf Always Bread?

"How is Robert getting on at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred.

That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said, "Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by 'college bred?'"

"Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four years' loaf."—Ladies' Home Journal

Scotch of Danzig.

One of the largest Scottish colonies of the continent formerly existed at Danzig. In the last decade of the fourteenth century a number of Scottish knights journeyed to Danzig to help in the crusade of the Teutonic order against the Lithuanian heathens, and one of the city gates—now known as the Hohe Thor—was christened the Douglas Thor, after Lord William Douglas, who was slain there.—London Spectator.

Subtleties.

"The English style of humor differs from the American," said the man who is ever studious.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Where we use chin whiskers to denote a politician the English usually employ side whiskers."—Washington Star.

Just Had to Talk.

Madge—Why don't you think before you speak, dear? Marjorie—If I did that I shouldn't have time to say half what I wanted to say.—London Telegraph.

Happy, Indeed.

Romantic Reader—Did your last novel end happily? Author—Yes; the publishers paid me $2,000 the day I finished it.—New York Times.

Self control is a great virtue. He is most powerful who has himself in his own power.

GOLD FISH FREE

We are giving while they last an Aquarium and Two Gold Fish with each purchase of

ONE BOX FISH FOOD 10c.

and one 25 cent bottle of

Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup

or a box of

Rexall Little Liver Pills

Rexall Talcum Powder or Green's Aromatic Tooth Wash. If you want the Fish you must come quick for they go fast.

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COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

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Clarence, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—Almost new upright piano. Vere cheap to quick buyer. S. D. Ray, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Two agents, salary or commission. Apply to Leathers Bros, State College, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The George R. Quick property, one mile north of Milesburg; on Marsh Creek road. Apply to or address Mrs. George R. Quick, Milesburg, Pa.

FOR RENT—In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at $1, $1.50 and $2 per month. F. W. Crider. t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

CARPENTERS WANTED—Four carpenters wanted to work on concrete form work at Liberal Arts Building at State College. Apply to George Barr, State College, Pa.

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A Happy Thanksgiving

A Story Showing That There Is No Rule Without Exception

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Goodby, John," said Amy regretfully. "I'm sorry to part with you. Indeed, my heart is almost broken. I'm sorry you're so impractical. If you were content to come down to hard work we could remain together. We could be frugal and saving while young, which would insure us a competence when we get old. But this visionary disposition of yours renders that impossible. You say you are going to seek your fortune. Do you suppose you can find a fortune anywhere easier than right here? Indeed, you will have more difficulty in attaining it where you are not known and where you have no one to give you a lift when you most need it than here."

So spoke Amy Tarrant to John Esterbrook the day he left her to go out into the world, as he told her, to make his fortune. He was indeed of that order we call visionary. He believed he would succeed, but he had no definite idea of how he would succeed. He had no aptitude for drudgery.

"I'll admit, sweetheart," he said, "that it looks pretty dark ahead—that is, for me. You will doubtless make up your mind to the practical, the inevitable, and marry some man who will be a hard worker. He will provide the necessaries of life for his family and make you comfortable. I am of a different kind. I can't force myself to do what I dislike to do, and what I like to do doesn't pay. But some day I may find some way of making what I like to do pay. The world requires other things besides food, clothing and a place to live in. There are persons whose business it is to instruct, others to amuse, others to excite the imagination."

"Oh, John, there you go again! Such persons have just as hard a time as—usually a harder time than—those who buy and sell molasses or boots and shoes."

"Nevertheless I am one of that class and must take my place with them. If I find something whereby I can make money that is a pleasure to me as well, you may hear from me. Till then farewell."

John Esterbrook was wrong in his reckoning. Yet it is questionable if he was wholly wrong. For ninety-nine persons in every hundred the only way to be comfortable and lay up a competence is hard work, whether they like it or not. However, John looked for employment which might lead to work that he would enjoy. He had a literary taste and considered newspaper work a part of literature. That led him to seek employment in an editorial room, and he found an inferior position in the service of the Spotts wood Eagle.

Of the first five years of John's work in the newspaper business little can be said. He drifted from one department to another, not because he was too dull to do the work assigned him, but because his heart was not in it. He was also careless, and carelessness is a fatal trait in making up material for the press. He managed, however, to keep in harness because he was liked, his popularity coming from an infinite good nature and a dry humor with which he caused his and other persons' mishaps and shortcomings to appear amusing. If taken to task for a blunder he would soften it by a joke so apt that it assured his forgiveness. Then, too, John had in him a keen appreciation of the foibles of human nature. He realized that all persons like to have the shortcomings of other persons except themselves shown up in an amusing way.

One day one of John's fellow workmen said to him, "Why don't you put some of these funny things you say in the paper?"

"I have never thought they were worth it," John replied, but it gave him an idea. For a month he kept memoranda of what seemed to amuse others and, putting the best of them in proper form, offered them for the humorous column. They were used and more appeared the next week. Then some one suggested to John that he put his name to them. The work did not appeal to his ambition, so, instead of using his own name, he chose a substitute—Uncle Bill. From that time forward something funny appeared in the Eagle every week signed "Uncle Bill," and after awhile these bits of humor began to be copied in other newspapers. Their reception was slow at first, because there was an especial zest in them that required a little time to percolate through the skulls of those who read them. Their author had been quite awhile in educating his associates to catch on to them, and it would have required an equal time to educate the public had it not been that they appealed to certain persons who introduced them to others and they grew in favor.

One day John was asked how he would like to devote himself to the exclusive work of writing humor for the Eagle. He replied that he didn't think he could write funny stuff to order, but he would try it. He found that by injecting his humor into ordinary items which were going the rounds of the newspapers he could greatly increase his supply. He was given a column called "Uncle Bill's Sayings," and it was not long before it was noticed that the circulation of the paper was rapidly increasing.

John Esterbrook had proved his case, though he had stumbled into the proof. He spent a few hours each day hunting for items into which he could infuse his quaint humor and a couple of hours more in making them over. His work occupied him for four or five hours each day and was accomplished without the slightest effort. He was doing exactly what nature had intended he should do, what he had hinted to his sweetheart was a possibility, and, since the circulation of the Eagle widened, his salary increased.

Meanwhile, though John had left Amy Tarrant free to make a home with a more practical man than himself, he had not forgotten her. Amy hadn't married. She had given her heart to John, and it was not hers to give to any one else. There was another reason why she did not marry. Her mother was a widow, and there were several young children, all of whom required Amy's attention. Amy was an attractive girl and had several suitors, but she had sent them all away, conceiving it to be her duty, as it was her preference, to remain at home, where she was the mainstay of the family.

Indeed, this was necessary, for, though Amy worked eight hours a day at an office, she being the only productive one of the household, she could not earn enough to pay rent, buy food and the necessary clothing.

Such was the condition of affairs in the Tarrant family when Thanksgiving day approached. One of the younger boys heard his mother and his sister Amy discussing what they should do for a Thanksgiving dinner, Amy suggesting that hamburger steak was the best they could provide for meat. The boy whined that they should have turkey and, though informed that the bird would cost 30 cents a pound, was not a whit better satisfied to do without it.

The day before Thanksgiving Mrs. Tarrant and Amy before the latter went to her work had a final conference as to how they should get up a dinner for the morrow. There were absolutely no funds, and Amy could not draw even the few dollars that were coming to her until the end of the week. Nor was there anything in the larder except a few potatoes. The outlook was dismal. Amy went to her work, intending to ask for enough of her weekly salary to provide at least a meal sufficient to stay the children's appetites, but she was informed that such advances were contrary to the rules of the office. She returned after business hours to inform her mother of her failure and was approaching the house when she saw a man standing at the door. As she drew near she recognized John Esterbrook.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, "what brought you here?"

"Well," replied John, "your predictions as to my laziness having been fulfilled, I've invited myself to take a Thanksgiving dinner with you. I haven't had a real good one since we parted."

"Oh, dear! What shall we do? We haven't a cent with which to buy a dinner."

"That's a disappointment, isn't it?"

"Not only to you, but to us. Mother and I wouldn't complain if it were not for the children."

"Haven't you anything in the house?"

"Nothing." A tear stood in her eye.

"Well, I have a little change left. I reckon I'll have to pay it out for something to fill the children's stomachs. Suppose we go now together. The markets will not be open on Thanksgiving morning."

She walked away with him and as they proceeded sympathized with him at his ill success, reminding him of their conversation when he went away and how she had warned him that without hard work, whether he liked it or not, he would never get on. He replied that he remembered her words very well. He had done some hard work, but confessed that he had not enjoyed it. Indeed, he had disliked it so much that he had given it up.

"Aren't you doing anything now?" she asked.

"Nothing that I consider work."

They stopped at a market in which a profusion of eatables was displayed, and as soon as John could get the attention of one of the men in white coat and apron he began his purchases with a ten pound turkey, a quart of oysters, a bunch of celery, to say nothing of cranberries, vegetables, nuts, raisins and other delicacies. Then he asked Amy what necessaries were required. She was too astonished to reply. So he pulled a fat roll of bank notes from his pocket and paid the bill. Then they walked back to Amy's home, taking with them a beefsteak and other articles for supper that evening.

After supper John threw off his facetiousness and made a clean breast of it to Amy. It rather mortified him to confess that he was making a living at writing jokes about human foibles, but when he informed her of the fine income he was receiving she brightened, and he felt after all that he did not suffer in her estimation.

The next morning was occupied by Amy in preparing a Thanksgiving dinner, and when it was ready John appeared with sweetmeats, of which he said the supply they had laid in the day before was altogether too scant.

All voted the dinner the finest they had ever eaten and the day the most enjoyable they had ever spent. Amy consented to marry John on condition that she be not required to separate herself entirely from her mother and the children, and the liberal John provided for them. Indeed, he knew not how to take care of money, and his wife became the family purser.

SALARIES OF SINGERS.

Present Day Stars Would Laugh at These Old Time Payments.

In the good old days of 200 years ago or so singers and actors gave the world their greatest efforts for what was undoubtedly considered excellent remuneration, but what in these enlightened times of high priced voices and talents would seem to be pitifully small. And who shall say the performers of the past were not fully as capable as the pampered darlings of the present?

The highest salary paid went to Chasse, who received 3,000 livres, or $600, a year as her fixed salary, 1,000 livres extra for perquisites, 1,200 livres for Easter and 200 for bread, wine and boots, in those days an extraordinary allowance.

Mlle. Aneier, the first soprano of her day, was a close second, with 4,800 francs, or nearly $1,000, a year. Today a prima donna receives more than that for a single evening. In a year "La Camargo," the most beautiful woman of her day, received in francs what many of the lesser singers of today receive in a week in dollars—2,700 francs.

Louis XIV. had the reputation of being a most generous manager and dramatic agent, since he granted 200 livres (about $40) for the first ten performances and about 100 livres for the following. The deviser of the ballet received 120 livres for the first six performances and sixty for later ones. —Argonaut.

RING OF THE FISHERMAN.

Used by the Popes to Seal Documents of the Holy See.

The ring of the fisherman used by the pope exclusively to seal documents of the holy see shows an engraved figure of St. Peter, the first bishop of Rome, standing in a boat and flinging with two hands a net into the sea.

In 1809, when the French occupied the city of Rome, Pius VII., then pope, was ordered by General Radet to surrender the fisherman's ring. The pontiff refused. He feared that by means of the sanction of the ring the French government would be enabled to issue dangerous documents.

When finally forced to surrender it the pope altered the engraving or stamp with the view of making it useless to his enemies. This seal thus defaced was forwarded to Paris by the French general in command at Rome. Pius VII. in the absence of the fisherman's ring, made use of an iron seal engraved with the figures of Sts. Peter and Paul and inscribed with the words, "Pro Annulo Piscatoris" (in lieu of the fisherman's ring).

The fisherman's ring was kept in Paris until Napoleon I. was overthrown, when it was returned to the sovereign pontiff. The ring is used only to seal briefs. The bulls, more important documents, are stamped with the leaden seal of the ancient parchments. —Indianapolis News.

Why the Earth Cannot Explode.

The theory is frequently advanced that planets and even suns sometimes explode and that the earth may some day blow up like a bombshell. No celestial body the size of the earth could possibly explode. If the entire molten interior of our globe could be replaced with nitroglycerin and detonated the explosion would not lift the earth's crust. In other words, if we assume that the crust of the earth is from fifty to a hundred miles in thickness it would require something much more powerful than even nitroglycerin to burst the shell. It is necessary only to do a little figuring to see that the pressure of the earth's crust at a depth of from fifty to a hundred miles far exceeds the pressure exerted by the most powerful high explosive.—Hudson Maxim.

Reckless.

A colored man and his finest girl walked into a drug store. The man bought a one cent picture postcard and a one cent postage stamp. As he started to place the stamp on the postcard the colored woman walked toward the front door.

"Wait a minute, Susie," said the colored man. "I'm not near through." The colored man turned to the clerk and bought a package of chewing gum. As the couple walked out of the drug store the colored man was heard to remark, "There's no limit to me, Susie when I'm out with you."—Indianapolis News.

Appropriate.

"That's a queer design you have in the corner of your billhead," remarked Slopay.

"It's merely a little flower," replied the tailor.

"Think it's appropriate, eh?"

"Yes, it's a forgetmenot."—Philadelphia Press.

Do You Wear One?

One thing you can wear year in and year out, that never grows monotonous, that never is unbecoming, that people are always glad to see, that never has to be made over or trimmed or sent to the cleaner's, is a smile.—Florida Times-Union.

Wasting Money.

"I guess it's just as well I didn't marry that girl. She evidently has no idea of the value of money."

"How's that?"

"Spent 60 cents postage sending me a bunch of old love letters."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Business.

New Son-in-law—Here's only 19,000 marks. You promised my wife a dowry of 20,000.—Father-in-law—I always knock off 2 per cent for cash.—Fliegende Blatter.

Infantry Decides the Battle.

While there have been many discussions as to the relative value of the different branches of an army, there is no doubt, according to a writer in the Scientific American, but that it is the infantry that wins battles.

While it is probable the success of a battle will depend to a large extent on the support of the field artillery, it is certain that the principal and most important arm is the infantry, which in practically every case must decide the final issue. The cavalry may be the first to be drawn into a battle and the artillery may destroy the enemy's artillery, but a battle is never won until the infantry has driven back the enemy's lines.

The usual mode of advancing for the infantry is to deploy them in a line with a long interval between each soldier. This naturally is for the purpose of offering a smaller target for the enemy. It makes it more difficult, however, for the leaders to keep as good control over the men, and for that reason one of the objects of field artillery is to make the enemy's troops deploy early.

Old Turkish Customs.

As long ago as 1613 Coryate visited Constantinople and has left a minute account of its manners and customs. Among other matters he notes that "it is the custom that whensoever any fire ariseth in the city to hang up him in whose house it beginneth, as now a cook in whose house it begun was hanged up presently after the fire ceased." The Turks themselves, it appears, were models of good breeding. "The Turk doth never at the saluting of his friend at any time of the day or when he drinketh to him at dinner or supper put off his turban, as we Christians do our hats one to another, but boweth his head and putteth his right hand upon his breast, so that he utterly disliketh the fashion that is used among us of putting off our hats. Therefore, when he wisheth any ill to his enemy he prayeth God to send him no more rest than a Christian's hat."

Resistance by Air.

The effects of air resistance are well shown in the twelve and a half miles Simplon tunnel, where an exceptionally high amount of energy is required for running the electric trains. The tunnel, which is fifteen feet wide and eighteen feet high, with a sectional area of 250 square feet, has a ventilating current of 3,530 feet cubic of air per second, maintained by two large blast fans at the Brigue end and two exhaust fans at Iselle. Trains going with this current encounter less resistance than in open air up to fifteen and a half miles an hour, but at higher speeds or in the opposite direction the resistance is much greater than outside. Moving by gravity down the seven per one thousand maximum gradient, a train, even though going with the current, cannot exceed thirty-five miles an hour on account of the braking by the air.

Impertinence of Genius.

Dr. Johnson once called upon David Garrick in London and was shown into his study. Unfortunately, a door being open, he strayed into an adjoining room, which contained the novels and lighter works which had been presented as tributes to the highly admired actor. Johnson first read a bit from one and then another and threw them down, strewing the floor with the expensive volumes. Garrick was angry at finding Johnson there and said, "This is a private cabinet, and no company is admitted here."

"But," said Johnson, with impertinent coolness, "I was determined to examine your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts—stuff, trash and nonsense."

Origin of a Word.

Few words have so remarkable a history as the word "bankrupt." The money lenders of Genoa, Venice and Florence had benches or stalls in the bourse, or exchange, in former times. At these benches they conducted their business. When any of them became insolvent his bench or bank was broken, because he had no further use for it, and the name banko rotto, or broken bench, was given to him. When the word first came into use in England it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout" instead of bankrupt.

A Bold Monarch.

Charles IX. of France was bold enough to interfere with the attire of the women of his realm. In 1561 he forbade the ladies to use any "bands of embroidery stitchings or fixings of silk, excepting only a bordering the width of a finger or at the most two borderings with chain stitchings."

Keeps His Word.

"Is Bliggins a man to be trusted?"

"In some respects. If he owes you something and says he can't pay you, you can place absolute reliance in his word."—St. Louis Star.

In the Same Boat.

As a general thing, when a young man is unable to give a girl all the luxuries to which she feels entitled he is in the same boat with her father. —Galveston News.

Shifting the Blame.

Annie—Do you like his dancing? Fannie—Yes; but I wish he wouldn't tread on my toes so often! Annie—What size shoe do you wear?—Judge.

Toasts.

Willie—Paw, why is an after dinner speech called a toast? Paw—Because it is usually so dry, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Struggle For a Fortune

A Story of Eastern Superstition

By F. A. MITCHEL

There is no end to the superstition of the eastern hemisphere. In India there is a firm belief in the transmigration of souls—that is, when a human being dies the soul passes into the body of an inferior animal.

There was a woman, Nirmal, who lived near Calcutta who was possessed of a larger share of this world's goods than is usual to any one in that country except the rulers. She was old and infirm, and the only person she had to comfort her was a son, who was in poor health.

Nirmal nursed her boy, he growing weaker every day, till at last he died in her arms. Leaving the body, she went out into the yard, and the first thing she saw was a newborn calf trying to balance itself on its legs and looking at her with its liquid eyes. She did not doubt that her son's spirit had passed into the calf and, going to it, threw her arms about its neck and crooned over it.

If ever a dumb animal was born into the world "with a silver spoon in its mouth" it was this calf. A room on the ground floor was prepared for it, with a door that would enable it to go out and in at will. At one end of the room a trough was built for its food, and since it did not eat dainty food it was given a plentiful supply of such as a calf requires.

When Nirmal died she left her fortune to the calf, appointing an administrator and guardian. At the animal's death the fortune was to pass to the testator's little niece, Agya, then seven years old. Nirmal was aware that it might be to the interest of some one to kill the calf in order to get possession of the property through Agya, who was but a child and unfitted to defeat such a purpose. Nirmal therefore appointed Kadur, a priest, whose sacred calling she believed would make him honest, to take care of the calf. This man had charge of a temple wherein was an oracle who told people what would happen to them and how to avoid adverse decrees of fate. The oracle was the priest himself, who was concealed at the other end of the speaking tube, whence came the voice. Those who received information dropped coins into a receptacle set up for the purpose, and the money was appropriated by the priest.

Business at the temple being dull when Kadur was left the care of the calf, he relegated the temple to another and accepted the new position, not that the salary he received as administrator was more than his profits as oracle, but the income of the estate would enable him to feed the calf and still have far more than he could make at the supernatural end of the speaking tube.

For a few years he enjoyed the perquisites of his administratorship; then the calf, which had meanwhile become a cow, died. Kadur, having no idea of giving up a good thing, substituted another cow and kept on heaping up the funds.

By this time Agya had come to a marriageable age. She had often visited the cow in its manger and knew not only its color, but every spot on its body. Kadur had matched as well as he could the cow of which he was guardian, but it was impossible that he should do so exactly. Every patch of color was duplicated, but there was in the original a black spot in white behind the right ear that was not present in the substitute.

After the ward cow died Kadur discouraged Agya from visiting the successor, fearing that she would discover the fraud. He told her that he had had a dream that her "cousin" would kick her to death. Agya grew suspicious and found a way to visit the manger when its guardian was absent and discovered the substitution.

Agya when she made this discovery had passed the age when Indian girls are married, for they wed in childhood, and, since unmarried girls in that country are considered undesirable, was fearful that she would be put out of the way. She had been thus far saved by the fact of her prospective inheritance; but, now that one cow after another would nominally hold her fortune and Kadur would absorb the income, she feared that if the matter became known she would be strangled. The original cow would now be ten years old, and Agya's father was thinking that it was time she should die. Agya, poor girl, was in an agony of fear lest he should suspect fraud, make an investigation and discover that a new heir had received her property, for she knew that no one would have power to defeat the rascality of a priest in the courts, and her fortune would be considered lost.

Agya about this time met a young man, Rustum, with whom she fell in love, and he loved her. She confided to him the situation, and the two put their heads together to form a plan of killing the cow and getting the property. This would be a difficult feat to accomplish. First it would be next to impossible to get at the beast, for Kadur had got wind of Agya's visit to the manger and kept several hirelings with orders to keep any one from access to the cow; secondly, there must be witnesses that she was dead.

One day a young man appeared at the place where the priest lived and applied for work. He declared that he had had no food for several days and begged as an especial favor that he be permitted to work for a little rice or a meal. He was turned away by the servants, but persisted in seeing the occupant of the premises. In this he succeeded, and Kadur gave him a temporary job to watch the cow with the others. The stranger on seeing the cow made a kotow, putting his face on the floor, for the cow is a sacred animal in India. This act of reverence won Kadur's confidence, and he gave the stranger a permanent position as cow guard.

One day a man living near the premises went to Agya's father and told him that a few weeks before he had started on a journey at 2 o'clock in the morning and had seen the dead body of a cow removed from the priest's premises and a live cow installed in its place. This settled Agya's fate, and her father made arrangements with some persons engaged in the business of strangling unmarried girls to put his daughter where she would cost him no more money.

Agya, who saw the men go into the house to confer with her father and suspected the purport of the conference, listened to it in concealment and heard her father agree to take her into a wood near by and deliver her to her executioners. The time appointed for this deed was one week from that day.

Now, it was Rustum who had begged Kadur for work and become one of the guards of the cow. Agya did not tell her father that she and her lover had laid a plan to secure her inheritance, for so great was his reverence for the priesthood that this would defeat the plan. Rustum could not solve the problem by marrying her, for he had not a rupee in the world.

Rustum in applying to Kadur for work hoped that he might be given the duty of watching the cow and intended looking out for an opportunity to expose the fact that she was not the original cow that as a calf had become the embodiment of the spirit of Nirmal's son and the heir to the fortune that was to pass at his death to Agya. If he could not expose the fraud possibly he might kill the cow. But this would be difficult since no one person was trusted with her care and any such attempt on his part would be foiled by the other caretakers.

When Agya heard that she was to be strangled that day week she knew it behooved her to be up and doing. She contrived to get word to Rustum of the situation that he might make haste in the sacrifice of the cow that she might be saved. Rustum determined to put his scheme in operation at once.

There is no dearth of poisons in India, and Rustum would have no difficulty in mixing one of them in the cow's fodder. The trouble was to get witnesses of the animal's death. Indeed, this could only be done by corrupting the guard, for Rustum realized that when she died Kadur would pay those who were cognizant of her death to keep it a secret. If Rustum endeavored to forestall him by corrupting them himself in case he was betrayed by any of them he would be sent away and the girl he loved would be strangled. Rustum decided not to attempt to bribe any one; the risk was too great.

One dark morning before daylight Rustum arose and, partly dressed, stole out into the yard and, taking some combustibles from under a pile of rubbish where he had concealed them, placed them against the corner of the house where the cow was kept and set fire to them. When the flames were well started he raised a cry of fire and began to break down the door of the manger, ostensibly to rescue the cow. He had the day before weakened the door, and it gave way under his blows just before persons appeared on the scene. Rustum, rushing into the manger, took a little syringe from his clothing and, thrusting it into the cow, squirted the contents under her skin. Then, unloosening her, he led her out into the yard.

By this time the guards who were on duty only by day appeared and persons in the neighboring houses began to throng in to help put out the fire. Kadur came down half dressed and, seeing that the cow had been saved, muttered thanks to Vishnu and promised Rustum, who, he was told, had saved her, a large reward. But suddenly while he was rejoicing at her safety she began to stagger and in another moment fell dead in presence of the assembled crowd.

As soon as Agya's father heard of the death of the animal that stood between his daughter and her fortune he instituted proceedings in the courts to give her possession of it and, there being many witnesses of the cow's death, had no trouble in getting it out of the hands of the administrator. When this had been accomplished instead of turning her over to the executioners he laid a plan to marry her to a rich merchant.

Agya told her father how Rustum had saved her, but he would not believe it. The lovers asked him if he would be convinced if it were proved that the cow had been poisoned. He said that he would and in that case would consent to the marriage. Rustum then exhumed the cow, cut a piece from her, took it to an English chemist and asked him to analyze it. The chemist reported finding poison, and the lovers were married with the consent of their parents.

As for the priest, he went back to the temple and resumed his work as an oracle, at which he continued to heap up money at the expense of those who believed.

This story may be considered "gauzy," but missionaries who have labored among the superstitious classes in India will testify that, while there may be incorrect features in it, there is little or no overdrawing.

Amelia Clark's Secret

How to Make Farm Life Enjoyable

By F. A. MITCHEL

Josh Hatfield's father died when Josh was fourteen, and his mother died ten years later. He had from the time of his father's death been learning how to run the farm, though his mother did most of the planning till Josh came of age. There is no better way of learning how to do things than doing them, and by the time Josh came of age he was a very good farmer. His product was milk, and he had twenty good Holstein cows. He had one assistant whom he employed regularly, and at haying time or when he put the ensilage in the silo he would temporarily hire more—that is, when he could get any one, which was not very often.

Josh's mother kept the house and the grounds about it looking tidy so long as she lived. After her death there very soon came a change in the appearance of both house and grounds. The floors were unswept, Josh's bed was seldom made and papers were scattered about. The chickens overran the flowers planted in beds on either side of the front porch, and weeds filled the walks. Josh had always left these things to his mother, devoting his whole time to the cattle, raising food for them and delivering the milk. This took up all his time and attention, and when his mother left him the other matters were bound to be neglected, all except the cooking, which was absolutely essential. This Josh did as best he could.

Several dairy farmers living near Hatfield's farm, including Hatfield himself, had an agreement by which one of the number delivered the milk of all at the railway station several miles distant. This they did successively, each man doing the work for a week. One morning Farmer Clark, whose turn it was to deliver the milk for that week, said to his daughter Amelia:

"Meely, go over to Hatfield's and say that Pete has gone lame and Bess is three-quarters sick. If he'll take my turn at delivering the milk this week I'll take his turn next week."

Amelia started out on the errand. She was a strong girl about nineteen years old, as straight as an arrow and tolerably good looking. When she arrived Josh was getting his breakfast, having attended to his morning chores at the barn. Her summons at the front door not receiving any attention, she went around to the side porch, and, making her way through milk cans that blocked the way, found the kitchen door open and Josh trying to blow out a fire of burning fat. Without a word, she went in, took the skillet out of his hand and landed it upside down in the snow outside.

"Thank ye," said Josh, "I wonder why I didn't think of that."

"Reckon men don't know much about kitchen work. Your potatoes will burn in a minute.

Taking up a knife, she ran it through the potatoes, which sizzled merrily and began to turn a beautiful brown. Then she saved some toast from blackening as the potatoes had threatened to do, and turned her attention to the coffee which was boiling over.

"You sit down, Mr. Hatfield," she said, "and I'll put the breakfast on the table for you. You might as well have a little comfort in my being here. Father sent me to say that there's something the matter with the horses and to ask you if you won't take his turn delivering the milk this week, he to take your turn next week."

"Sure! I wouldn't mind that a bit."

Amelia set the breakfast on the table and Josh sat down for the meal. She took a chair opposite him and began to pour his coffee.

"Do you take sugar and milk, Mr. Hatfield?"

"Both."

"Two lumps?"

"That's about right."

The sun shone in at the dining room window, and there was a marked cheerfulness there. But it could not have been for the sun alone, for it lighted the breakfast table most mornings. It seemed that an especial comfort had come in with Amelia. Somehow the coffeepot looked brighter, the toast was certainly better—not dried as usual, but soft—and Jack wondered how Amelia had contrived to keep it hot. Then, too, the coffee tasted a great deal better than usual. In short, although he couldn't remember that Amelia had done anything except saving the breakfast from burning it tasted very much better than ever before.

"It must be kind of hard for you to do your own cooking," she remarked.

"I don't like it at all. Nothing I do seems to come out right. I'm always breaking the dishes and don't know how to mend them. If a tooth breaks in my plow I know how to put in another, but if my coffeepot leaks I'm lost."

"Why don't you hire somebody to come in and do your housework for you?"

"I don't know any one that would like the job. All the women about here seem to have enough to do in their own homes without coming here to do my work."

"I never thought o' that," replied Amelia. "I suppose they can't do two things at once."

"I've sometimes thought that in a family where there are several of 'em one might be spared. I'd be willing to pay good wages."

"Do you mean elderly women or young ones?"

"I was referring to families where there was a mother and several daughters. They wouldn't need all the girls."

"It wouldn't be right for a girl to come in and do the housework for a young man. People would talk."

"I suppose they would. Reckon there's no way for me except to get married, and I don't know any girl who would have me."

"Shall I pour you another cup of coffee, Mr. Hatfield?"

"Half a cupful, please. One lump. That's right. Thank you."

"Mother always said," he continued, after a pause, "that if she died before me I'd have to get a wife to come in and do the cooking and housework. And so I would if I knew any girl who would fill the bill of wife and housekeeper. But I don't. Besides, the girls are all going to college nowadays, and when they come back they don't aspire to the kitchen. They'd rather address a meeting or something like that. I don't blame 'em. Farm work's pretty hard.

"Most work is hard, I reckon. I notice country people are crazy to get to the cities, but maybe city life is pretty hard too. I know several girls who have left home for city life and they're all having a mighty hard time of it. Seems to me that though we country people have to get up early mornings we have lots of advantages. We breathe the fresh air of the country and are not tied up to offices and stores and factories, with a master over us, like children in school. We work longer hours in some cases, but we're not cogwheels in a machine. As for me, give me the free life of the country."

When Josh finished his breakfast he thanked Amelia for what she had done for him.

"If you're going to take the milk this morning you'd better go right off," she said. "I'll remove the breakfast dishes."

"You needn't do that. But you're right about my getting off. Much obliged. So long."

When Josh returned from his morning work at noon he was astonished to see everything spick and span. The breakfast dishes were washed, kitchen utensils had been polished and the house had been swept. Josh set about getting his dinner.

"With all this done for me," he said to himself, "I should feel inspired to go at this job of getting dinner with a light heart. But I don't. I don't feel any more competent to get my dinner than I did to get my breakfast."

He stumbled about the kitchen as usual, at last putting on the table some poorly cooked meat and vegetables, the only successful dish in the lot being boiled potatoes. But it was not only the meal that troubled him; he missed the cheery girl who had sat opposite him at breakfast, she who had no aspirations to work in a store, an office or a schoolroom, but was content with the duties of a country girl. Why did the coffee he poured himself taste so inferior to that poured by Amelia Clark? What was the difference in the room at dinner from that of breakfast time? Josh knew very well what it was—the absence of that which had filled the natural desire of the heart, companionship.

That night Josh sat down to a cold supper and made a resolution that it should be the last meal he would take alone. After supper—it occupied seven minutes by the clock—he threw the dishes, unwashed, into the pantry and soon after set out for Farmer Clark's. He found Clark in the barn and asked him how his horses were getting on, mentioning that he would carry the milk till they got well. Then he asked if he would find the family at the house and, being assured that he would, repaired thither.

Whether Mrs. Clark suspected something or not, she soon withdrew, taking with her the children. Then Josh, without any beating about the bush, began a proposal to Amelia. It was very practical, being entirely devoid of that sentiment which is expected in all engagements.

"Amelia," he said, "I came here to say that since you got that breakfast for me this morning no meal that you don't cook will ever taste good to me again."

"Why, Mr. Hatfield, how flattering!"

"And I've resolved that I'll eat no more meals at home unless you cook 'em."

"Are you going to starve?"

"No; I'm going to eat somewhere else till I can get you to do my housework for me."

"I couldn't do that; it wouldn't be proper."

"Not if we were married?"

As a wave rolling in from the ocean gathers and breaks so had the practical reached its climax and came tumbling in a foam of sentiment. They were sitting side by side and in a twinkling were clasped in each other's arms.

The surest way to get some things is to be content without them. Josh and Amelia enjoyed their work, being interested in it and the freedom it gave them; consequently they accumulated and are now enabled to give their children what the world calls advantages. Their oldest son attends an agricultural college, and their oldest daughter, who has artistic tastes, is studying music. Their children's work will be easier than that of their parents, but it will not be as sweet unless seasoned with contentment.

DUMDUM BULLETS.

They Get Their Name From the Town Where They Originated.

Dumdum bullets have their name from a little town in India, near Calcutta, where the ammunition factory for the British government in India is situated. For the benefit of Afghans, possible Indian mutineers, negroes and other barbarians the British had a bullet manufactured here which is half covered with steel, but with a soft leaden nose. When discharged from a modern rifle of high power this soft nose expands, or "mushrooms," turning the bullet in the air into a horrible bulging object, which tears through the flesh of a man, surely bleeding him to death.

The purpose of this bullet is to kill the man every time. The purpose of the ordinary humane bullet of modern warfare, which is wholly incased in steel or nickel, is merely to put the man out of the fight. It makes a small, clean wound. If it does not strike a vital part the bullet may go entirely through the man without wounding him seriously. But it shuts him out of the fight for the time being.

The British military authorities in India considered that a humane bullet like that would be of little use to fight savages with, and therefore, at Dumdum, they manufactured the soft nosed expanding horror. But the international conference at The Hague in 1899 decided against the use of this bullet in war and adopted a rule forbidding it.—New York Mail.

ONE VIEW OF WAR.

And the Question of the Mother of the Slain Soldier Boy.

When I but consider the word war I feel a shock, as if one spoke to me of witchcraft, inquisition, some dead and distant thing, abominable, monstrous, unnatural.

When we hear of cannibals we smile with pride and proclaim our superiority over those savages.

What are savages, real savages—those who fight to eat the victims or those who fight to kill, merely to kill?

Those youthful soldiers of the line speeding along yonder are destined to death, just as the flocks of sheep driven along the roads by a butcher. They are destined to fall on a plain; their heads cleft by a stroke from a sword or their breast pierced by a bullet. And these are young men who could work, produce, be useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who during twenty years have loved and worshiped them, as mothers can worship, will learn in six months or perhaps a year that the son, the child, the big child, brought up with so much trouble, with so much money, with so much love, was thrown into a hole like a dead dog after his body, riddled by a bullet, had been trampled and crushed into pulp by the charge of cavalry. Why have they killed her boy, her noble boy, her only hope, her pride, her life?

She cannot tell. Yes, why?—Guy de Maupassant.

No Heart In It.

A Broad street employer of a temperamental stenographer is a man of practical sense and real kindness who wants the girl to succeed at her business. The other day he called her into his private office and had a fatherly talk with her. Later one of her colleagues in the same building met her in the elevator.

"Say, Gladys," she said, "what's this about your boss having a heart to heart talk with you this morning?"

"Heart nothing," responded the temperamental creature, tossing her blond locks like an oriflamme of war. "What he handed to me hadn't no more heart in it than there is in a slab of liver at a ten cent beanery. See?"

Which is one reason why girl stenographers can be hired at $6 a week.—New York Sun.

Damascus.

It is estimated that at least 20,000 pilgrims pass through the city of Damascus each year. They are material to the financial welfare of the ancient city, spending in the neighborhood of $900,000 for goods of every kind. Damascus is busy, and the people are industrious. Nearly everything actually needed by the native is made there, and there is a surplus sufficient to supply a large surrounding territory and the pilgrims and visitors who pass that way. In this respect Damascus has not changed in hundreds of years. It has always been a maker and distributer of food and raiment.—Argonaut.

The Doldrums.

"In the doldrums" is a phrase more often employed than understood. It refers to a belt of calms contiguous to the equator and situate between the course of the southeast and northeast trade winds. Long periods with scarcely a stir in the air and a torrid sky above, broken by sudden squalls and violent storms of short duration, make the doldrums a dreaded area for sailing ships.

London's Costly Tree.

Probably the most costly tree in the world is a plane tree which grows in Wood street, London. It occupies a space that would bring a rental of $1,250 a year, and this capitalized at thirty years' purchase gives a value of $37,500.

Memory.

Says Jean Ingelow: "They are poor who have lost nothing; they are poorer far who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget."

Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves and always a temptation to others.—Cotton.

REVERSIBLE SENTENCES.

Read Backward or Forward They Tell Same Story.

Scandalous society and life make gossips frantic. This reads backward. Frantic gossips make life and society scandalous. Apply the same rule to the others given below:

Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold, things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithful served he God.

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

Dear Harry—Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten twenty dollar check? Reply immediately, please, and hand to yours, Grace Darling.

Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.

Love is heaven, and heaven is love, youth says. All beware, says age. Trying is poverty and fleeting is love.

Exercise take; excess beware.

Rise early and breathe free air.

Eat slowly; trouble drive away.

Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.

Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell!

Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is—never mind. What is mind? Mind is—never matter.

Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits.

Politics and religion avoid arguing in. Here is good and sound advice.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Old Forts of Antwerp.

As long ago as 1641 an English traveler to Antwerp was impressed by the extensive character of its fortifications. "The graffs, ramparts and platforms are stupendous," writes John Evelyn in his diary. "* * * But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walkes of stately trees, which render the fortified workes of the towne one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did I ever observe a more quiet, cleane, elegantly built and civil place than this magnificent and famous citty of Antwerp."

Compensation.

If it is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never do more than they get paid for never get paid for more than they do," then it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do you must do more than you get paid for. Even a philosopher ought to see how impossible that is, but, of course, the true philosopher cannot be expected to hesitate over a mere impossibility.—Life.

Soothing.

The professor looked worried.

"I don't think," said he, "that my lecture last night was very much of a success."

"But, think dear," replied his wife, "what a splendid audience you began with."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv. Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.08
Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.25	f 5.35
Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

Oliver Whitmer, of Altoona, visited in town over Sunday.

Sam Gray was a visitor in Philadelphia over the week-end.

Frank Morehead, of Lock Haven, was a week-end visitor in town.

Miss Mary Simpson, of Lock Haven, is a guest of Miss Brockerhoff.

Cyrus [illegible] Stormstown, greeted his numerous friends in town on Monday.

Arista Lucas, of Union Township, was a welcome visitor in town on Saturday, last.

William Rees returned on Tuesday to Patton, after visiting here for several days.

Earl Taylor was an arrival home from Claysville, Washington County, last Friday.

Mrs. McDavitt, of Indianapolis, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell.

Dr. Joseph M. Brockerhoff departed last Friday for Virginia to look after his coal interests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mallalieu and two children are spending a few days in Williamsport.

Harris Potter returned to Baltimore on Saturday, after a two weeks' hunting trip in this section.

Mrs. J. Theodore Cherry is visiting with friends in Pittsburgh, having gone there on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. E. Ward gave a tea on Saturday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. R. H. Foster.

Mrs. William Dravo, of Pittsburgh, is a guest of Miss Brockerhoff, having arrived on Tuesday evening.

The bazaar held for the benefit of the St. John's Episcopal church was a splendid success, the ladies realizing upward of $400.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crawford, Miss Grace, Francis and Miss Fitzgerald motored to Williamsport on Saturday of last week.

Miss Margaret Humes, of Jersey Shore, was an arrival in town on Wednesday and is visiting at the home of Mrs. Louisa T. Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Levi, of Lock Haven, visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Levi's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Theodore Cherry.

Mrs. George M Gamble and two daughters, Misses Elizabeth and Ruth, spent several days last week with friends in Montoursville.

Mrs. Clayton, who had been visiting here for a time with her daughter and Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick, returned on Monday to her home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Albert E. Blackburn, who had been visiting with Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler, returned on Saturday of last week to her home in Philadelphia.

Rev. Father Kennedy was an over-Sunday guest at the T. A. Shoemaker home, stopping over enroute from New York to Erie, where is holding a mission.

Mrs. Stine, of Hazelton, who at one time resided here, during which period her husband was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, is visiting with Bellefonte friends.

Miss Madeline Schift, of London, England, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley. Miss Schift will be recalled as having visited here with Mrs. Wallis, nee Miss Nellie Conley.

Joseph Woodward was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Mollie Valentine, at the Bush House, this week. Joe is living in Wyoming and came East in charge of the body of his father which he had interred in the family plot at Williamsport. Before returning to Wyoming he stopped over in Howard to visit his uncle, Colonel John A. Woodward.

On Tuesday evening the men affiliated with the Presbyterian church are to gather in the Chapel. An evening of rare pleasure and profit has been arranged. A meal will be given the men by the ladies of the church. An after-dinner talk will be made by the Rev. H. W. Bieber, of Tyrone. His subject is "The European War in the Light of Prophecy." The hour is 6:30. The men will go direct from places of business.

Bellefonte friends of "Bull" McCleary, not so long ago a famous fullback on the Penn State football eleven, will be interested to learn that he is marooned for the winter on the Spitzbergen Island, which according to the map is located about one thousand miles north of Norway and a like distance west of Greenland. He is working for the Arctic Coal Company. In a letter received a few days ago from "Bull", dated October 5th, he says it was written just in time to catch the last boat from the island, not another boat appearing until next March. In his letter "Bull" explained that he was wondering who won the world's baseball championship series and also that he was wondering how the football elevens at Penn State and other colleges were shaping up. His curiosity will have to go unsatisfied until March, 1915, until about which time continual darkness will reign over the island. In his letter "Bull" expressed the wish that his old friends might have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Letters to "Bull" will reach him if addressed in care of the Arctic Coal Company, Tromso, Norway.

Mrs. Jesse Underwood and child, of Sunbury, visited with Bellefonte friends on Wednesday.

William Skelton, of Millheim, was a business visitor in town on Friday of last week.

Miss Grace Cook departed yesterday for Warren, where she is visiting with friends.

Mrs. Hugh N. Crider visited in Tyrone on Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman.

Jack Lane returned home on Sunday night, after a month's business trip through the middle west.

Miss Gertrude Showers departed yesterday for Pittsburgh, where she will visit with friends.

Mrs. Garber will hold a Thanksgiving dance on the evening of Thursday, November 26th.

Miss Confer visited from Saturday until Tuesday with her parents at Snow Shoe.

Mrs. James I. McClure departed last Saturday for Philadelphia, where she is visiting with her son, Charles.

Dr. Hugh Hamilton, of Harrisburg was here the forepart of the week, coming to see his old friends, Mrs. Shugert and Miss Johnson.

"The Last Days," is the subject of the third lecture on "The Second Coming of Christ." Hear it at the Presbyterian Church Sunday night.

Representative-elect Harry B. Scott, of Philipsburg, was in town last Friday receiving congratulations of local friends on his victory.

The cold weather of the last few days effected a quick change in uniforms for the town policemen and now they are wearing their natty suits of blue.

Margaret Rees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rees, had a birthday party at Miss Fitzgerald's kintergarden school on Monday morning.

Mrs. Frank McCoy and daughter Miss Anna McCoy, and Miss Kate D. Shugert have been spending a few days in Williamsport, having gone there on Monday.

The negotiations for the purchase of the Joseph & Co. store by C. Y. Wagner and Hazel Bros. has been completed and the store is open today under the new management.

Mrs. John VanPelt departed on Monday for Pittsburg, where she will visit with her brother, Joseph Harris. Mr VanPelt accompanied her as far as Cresson on a business trip.

Some person with a profound lack of appreciation of the rights of others, on Wednesday night shot four Plymouth Rock cockerels belonging to Mrs. Young who resides in Bush Addition.

Football results last Saturday were highly satisfactory so far as Bellefonte teams were concerned, but with Penn State it was different. To the surprise of all Penn State was defeated 20 to 7 by Lehigh. With Penn State it was an off-day all around and Lehigh took advantage of the opportunity to get away with a decisive victory. Tomorrow, Pennsylvania Day at State College, Penn State plays the strong Michigan Aggies. Michigan University only defeated the Aggies by a single score in the closing minutes of the game, so it will be seen at a glance that Penn State has its work cut out for to morrow. Bellefonte Academy got the jump on the Penn State Freshmen on Saturday and scored a 27 to 12 victory. The game was interesting throughout On Saturday Academy plays the Renovo Railroad Y. M. C. A. eleven on Hughes Field, at 3 o'clock. It will be the Academy's last game of the season on the home grounds and a large crowd should be in attendance. Bellefonte High School defeated Tyrone High School 28 to 0 on the home grounds. The local team put up a fine exhibition of team work. On Saturday High School plays Clearfield High School on the home grounds. The boys deserve a big crowd.

Dr. Fred Robison, of State College, was in town on Wednesday morning enroute home from Youngstown, Ohio, at which place he had been under treatment at the hands of the world-famous "Bonesetter" Reese. While out fishing in Stone valley last spring Dr. Robison sprained his back. In aiding in lifting his automobile he dislocated two vertebra. He suffered considerable pain from time to time and finally decided to submit to an examination by "Bonesetter" Reese, a man who has become famous for his wonderful adjustments of bones. Hundreds of athletes, baseball and football players and wrestlers in particular, have experienced cures at his hands. His method of treatment was recently the subject of interesting magazine articles. He is described as a man gifted with a wonderful knowledge of the proper location of bones and the skill and strength to adjust dislocations. Dr. Robison said that after he had been thoroughly examined by "Bonesetter" Reese it took the latter but a minute or two to snap the vertebra back into place. During the healing process the back was tightly bandaged. Dr. Robison describes "Bonesetter" Reese as a man of perhaps 65 years of age. He has a daughter who is said to have developed great skill in adjusting dislocations. Lacking the physical strength of her father she is unable to handle cases involving adjustment of bones in the back.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Bixler will leave on Monday, next, for their home at Lock Haven. Mrs. Bixler's mother, Mrs. George L. Potter, will leave on Thanksgiving Day for Washington, D. C., from which place she will go to Florida for the winter.

Philip Myer, of Centre Hall, was a business visitor in town between trains on Friday of last week. He remarked that the election result was no surprise to him and added that it was about time the disorganizers of his party started in to organize.

Mrs John Knisely and daughter Miss Pearl Knisely, and Miss Marjorie McGinley figured in an automobile accident Tuesday night which might have resulted more seriously. On the return trip home from State College, and while near Lemont, their car skidded and upset, throwing them to the ground. All three were bruised more or less, Mrs. Knisely sustained a badly sprained wrist.

Dancing at Pleasant Gap.

A series of weekly dances will be given in Noll's Hall, at Pleasant Gap, each Wednesday evening, beginning November 18th, next. These dances will be held for those wishing to attend square dances only, and will in no way conflict with the regular Friday night dances. The floor is large and has been gone over thoroughly and is in first class condition. Good music is guaranteed and everything will be done to provide a good night's entertainment. Arrangements have been made with the Motor Transit Co. to have a special car leave for Bellefonte at 12 o'clock, midnight. Admission to dances will be 50c per couple. Every one who dances or who wishes to learn is invited to attend. Any further information concerning above will be given immediately by addressing,

GEO. B. COBLE, Mgr.,
Pleasant Gap, Pa.

Enjoyed Birthday Party.

The hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Millward, at Pleasant Gap, was the scene of a happy event on Thursday evening of last week. It was the occasion of the eighth birthday anniversary of their son, Gerald Carl Millward, and quite a number of the sturdy young man's friends and playmates were present to share in the pleasures of the evening. The good things to eat included candies and popcorn and the youngsters had the best kind of a time. Gerald received numerous handsome gifts. The young folks present included Dorothy Mulfinger, Dorothy Stitzer, Sarah Bilger, Jane Miller, Beatrice Noll, June Noll, Henrietta Gettig, Nellie Wolf, Mary Wolf, Tamazine Kerstetter, Harriet Dunklebarger, Ruth Dunklebarger, Grace Millward, Clarence Hoy, Franklin Hoy, Harold Spicher, Pomeroy Brooks, Eugene Brooks, Thomas Miller, Franklin Wolf, Darvin Yearick and Robert Wells.

"Have I Done What I Could?"

Winter—starvation staring in the face of millions of homeless women and children, old men and old women driven from homes, many from homes of comfort. Can we rest comfortably feeling that the little we have done is the most we can do? The box must go by Tuesday. Send clothing to the Racket Store or the W. C. T. U. rooms Saturday and Monday. Money is needed for blankets, underwear, shoes, etc. The appeal for aid can be more generously met. It rests with you to do it.

W. C. T. U.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Grover C. Frantz	Howard.
Emma Shay	"
Ralph Sampsel	Benner Twp.
Beatrice Ray	Axe Mann.
David Walker	Orviston.
Dora Watkins	Howard.
F. Willard Norris	State College.
Alvina C. Wellar	"

Sunday School Convention.

Next Wednesday evening, November 18th, a district Sunday school convention will be held in the lecture room of the Presbyterian church at State College. The district comprises the Sunday schools of State College, Boalsburg, Lemont, Houserville, Centre Furnace, Shingletown and the Branch.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice: Miss Jennie Aurand, William Clark, Harry A. McArdell, Arthur McCloskey, George I. Mitchell, James Sanderson, John Shawley, Mrs. Byers Smith, Elmer Smith, Supt. Centre County Farm, S. B. Wills. When called for please say advertised.

Empire Comedy Company.

The Empire Comedy Company will appear at Garman's Opera House every night next week, except Wednesday night, the date for "Peg O' My Heart." Popular prices.

Application For Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 80, December Term, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the above Court on Monday, December 7, 1914 at 10 o'clock A. M. under the Corporation Act of 1874 of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Forge Union Church", the character and object of which is the worship of God; and for this purpose to have and possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

HENRY C. QUIGLEY,
Solicitor.

PUBLIC X MAS TREE

To be Erected in Diamond in Front of Court House for all Children.

The Woman's Club of Bellefonte in conjunction with the Burgess and Council are making arrangements for a Community Christmas Tree to be erected on the diamond Christmas eve and remain several days.

There is to be singing of the familiar Christmas carols every evening from 7:30 to 8:00, and it is the desire of the club that every one of the towns people who can do so will join in this singing. Miss Mary Bradley has volunteered to take charge of the singing, and would like the superintendents of the Sunday Schools to co-operate with her in having the children rehearse the carols. The first public rehearsal will be held in the High School building on Monday evening, November 23d, at 8 o'clock.

We would also like as many people as care to, to contribute towards securing and lighting the tree. If they so desire they may send their donations to any one of the following committee:

Mrs. Edmund Blanchard, Miss Adeline Olewine, Mrs. J. E. Finklestine, Mrs. Harry Yeager, Miss Lillian Smith, Miss Daise Keichline, Mrs R. S. Brouse, Mrs. J. E. Ward, Mrs. J. L. Montgomery, Mrs. Howard J. Thompson.

Twenty five cents will buy a cluster of globes, and the committee will be glad for all contributions. Many can contribute at least one cluster and some more than one.

"Peg O' My Heart."

"Peg O' My Heart" which comes to Garman's Opera House on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18th, is a comedy of charm. The story deals with Peg, the daughter of an improvident but lovable Irishman, and an aristocrat Englishwoman on whom her relatives turned their backs when she set out to America with the husband of her choice. By the will of one of Peg's uncles, who repented on his deathbed his unkindness toward his sister, the little Irish-American maiden is brought to England to be properly reared at the expense of his estates. Peg is received into the family of an aunt, not from love, but for the sake of the money that her care and instruction brings. Her treatment is hardly that of a favored relative, but she finds little to make her life pleasant except the friendship of one "Jerry", a friend of her late uncle, her experience setting forth vividly the contrast between her rather uncouth manners and the stilted and unconventional ways of this English household. Prices, 25, 50, 75c, $1 and $1.50.

"The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

County Grange Meeting.

Centre County Pomona Grange will hold its fourth quarterly meeting in Grange Arcadia at Centre Hall on Wednesday, November 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. This is the last meeting of the year and a full attendance is desired.

D. M. CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

Emma Shay Weds.

Emma Shay, of Howard, and Grover C. Frantz, also of Howard, were married in Bellefonte by Squire Henry Brown on Friday of last week. The bride has been at her home in Howard since her residence in Bellefonte several months ago.

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other an cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

Col. A. D. Morrow Dead.

At his home at Tipton, Col. A. D. Morrow, one of Blair county's prominent citizens, died at 11.30 Tuesday night.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa

COMMERCIAL PHONE

ALWAYS JUST A WEE BIT AHEAD

We have our Holiday goods on sale, no shortage in our stock on account of the war.

Traveling Sets in cases, Toilet Sets in cases, Rings and Watches of all kinds. Pins Braceletts, Brooches, Chains, etc.

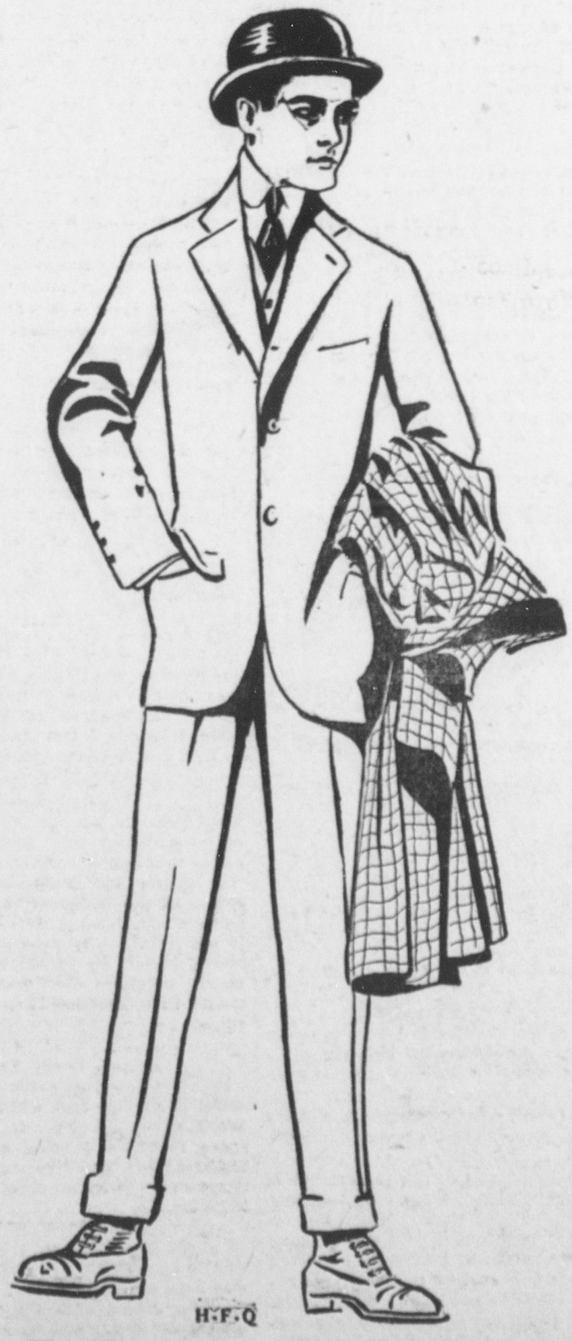
About everything one wo ld want to select from a thoroughly complete jewelry stock. Our catalogue upon request.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Bellefonte, Pa.

What $25.00 Will Buy.



We are filling our windows today with suits at $25.00.

Be sure to see them. They will be a revelation to you in what we can furnish at this popular. price.

Stylish? Why they fairly radiate this season's newness and individuality. Not one style but many---all new, and all mighty attractive.

Materials? Beautiful weaves in soft woolens and long lived worsteds, an assortment to suit all tastes.

We have suits at higher prices of course---and suits for less. But for all around good looks and faithful service you cannot get more for your money than in these Hickey-Freeman-suits at $25.00.

Look into this today.

Montgomery & Co.